

25 CENTS

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The Chicago Trial: 2 Dreyfus Revisited

by Steve Haines, Berkeley Tribe

Criminal trials - like chess games - are usually won or lost on the basis of which side has the better game plan. If the game is honest, you can leave town, shoot the dealer or shout for help, help.

But if the game is rigged, you can leave town, shoot the dealer or shout for help, help.

And the conspiracy trial of the Chicago 8 is rigged. As the second week of the trial ended Wednesday, the extent of the rigging has become quite clear to everyone in the courtroom.

The mostly white, middle aged jury wouldn't even protest being short changed in the supermarket. Having supported the Amerikan dream all their lives, they are now asked to judge - fairly and impartially - eight men who would shake and topple the nightmare of its reality.

The menopausal, racist judge once bragged of the payoff that placed him on the federal bench and profits from the war in Vietnam. Now he sits and fills the record with cutting remarks on the dress and posture of the eight and the behavior of their lawyers.

But mostly you know it's rigged from the way the government prosecutors are developing their case against the eight.

Phase one of the prosecution tried to prove that both MOB and Yippie made non-negotiable demands for permits to march and sleep in Grant and Lincoln Parks during the Democratic National Convention in August, 1968.

Two of King Richard Daley's petty underlings - corporation counsel Ray Simon and deputy mayor David Stahl - have been examined and re-examined by both sides during this phase.

Dave Dellinger - age 54 - chairman, National Mobilization to End the War in Vietnam - from Wakefield, Mass. - magna cum laude from Yale, 1936 - Phi Beta Kappa - served two prison terms in WW II for refusing induction - five kids - visited Hanoi and Cuba twice - one of the 14 War Crime Tribunal members that heard charges against Amerikan troops in Vietnam - editor, "Liberation" magazine.



Rennie Davis - age 29 - director, MOB - BA in political science from Oberlin College - MA in labor and industrial relations from U of Illinois - father was economic advisor to Pres. Truman - SDS co-founder and organizer in New York - traveled to North Vietnam - helped form JOIN (Jobs or Income Now) in Uptown areas of Chicago - planner at Center for Radical Research - an organizer of RITA (Resistance In The Army) - principal participant in New Politics Convention in Chicago.



Jerry Rubin - age 31 - former newspaper reporter in Cincinnati - long time Berkeley activist - co-founder of Yippie! - helped organize march on Pentagon in April, 1968, peace march in New York - wrote "Do It."

Simon's most truthful moment came when he told defense lawyer Bill Kunstler that he was proud to be known as a protege of Daley's.

Stahl proved more interesting. He got to be deputy mayor by marrying the daughter of one of the mayor's oldest and closest advisors John Downs, head of Real Estate Research Corp. and chief architect for Chicago's accelerated plan for residential segregation.

Stahl ("His name fits his function," says Abbie.) said that he continued to meet with MOB and Yippie! leaders even after he assured them that the Mayor's Office could not help them get permits.

Everyone in the courtroom laughed but the jury, because everyone in the courtroom knows that Richard J. Daley can get just about anything he wants in Chicago or Washington - regardless of laws, rules or regulations.

Stahl also said that he took Abbie's offer to leave town for \$100,000 as a serious extortion attempt - after saying that Abbie "invariably spoke in jest".

Stahl has been examined and re-examined, but every time Kunstler or Lennie Weinglass got too near the subject of Daley's political influence, prosecutor Fornan would object and Hoffman would cut off the defense.

Phase two, which is currently going on, involves testimony by undercover pigs as to specific acts, speeches or conversations by one or more of the eight during the convention.

Four pigs have testified so far, and their stories are wonders to behold. None of them ever saw a fellow pig use tear gas, mace, club or gun on demonstrators - or can't remember it in court.

The Chicago 8

The Chicago 8 "represent a wide spectrum of contemporary dissent, from pacifist to Black Panther" in the cliches of the establishment press.

If you don't already know them, the 8 are:



Tom Hayden - age 29 - co-founder, SDS - co-author, Port Huron statement - BA from U of Michigan, 1961 - editor of Michigan Daily - SNCC worker Mississippi summer, 1961 - helped organize Newark Community Project - went to Hanoi in 1965 - met with North Vietnamese in Paris, June, 1968 - co-founder of International Liberation School in Berkeley - current resident of Berkeley.



Abbie Hoffman - age 32 - from St. Marks Place, Lower East Side, New York - former psychologist - movement organizer in the South - co-founder of Youth International Party (Yippie!) - participant in demonstrations in Berkeley, New York, Chicago and the Pentagon - wrote "Revolution for the Hell of It" and "The Woodstock Nation" - alias "Free" and "Frankie Abbott."

Pig number one said that Jerry Rubin was wearing a white football helmet with "88" on the back and a blue strip down the middle on Sunday, Aug. 25, 1968, between 9 p.m. and 10 p.m. He said that Jerry led an assault on a group of pigs by kicking a half-finished cigarette at them. Jerry never smoked.

At the next day, the conservation 8 held a press conference and introduced not one but two other Jerry Rubins - David Boyd and Bob Levin. Levin brought his helmet with the blue stripe and "88". Boyd told how the pigs had followed him for several days during the convention, convinced that he was Jerry.

Pig number two, a chick who said she was wearing slacks, blouse and Army helmet, said that she overheard Abbie layout the master plan to storm the Conrad Hilton Hotel - complete with weapons.

Pig number three, one of those assigned to tail Jerry, denied that he drove Jerry to a church, which is not what he told the Grand Jury. Mostly, this pig was being used to set up the testimony of "Big Bob Lavin" - under cover pig Robert Person, who acted as Jerry's body guard and rescued Stew Albert one night in Lincoln Park.

This pig also said that he saw Keith Lampe introduce Stew, who had a white patch over his stitches, at a news conference but couldn't remember if Stew told the press where he got the stitches.

Pig number four, the only black so far, said that he had infiltrated CADRE (Chicago Area Draft Resistance) back in November, 1967, and heard Rennie Davis give a speech about disrupting the convention.

This pig also said that Abbie asked him to help seize the deputy police chief on the night march to Dick Gregory's house that was turned back by the National Guard.

"They aren't even stretching or changing the truth, they're creating a complete fabrication," said Tom Hayden, as the second week drew to a close.

Stahl has been examined and re-examined, but every time Kunstler or Lennie Weinglass got too near the subject of Daley's political influence, prosecutor Fornan would object and Hoffman would cut off the defense.

The game is rigged. The eight cannot leave town, so they have to call out to the people to witness and judge what is happening here in Chicago - or they can shoot the dealer, with a little help from their friends.



Bobby Seale - age 32 - co-founder and Acting National Chairman of Black Panther Party - from Oakland - co-author of Panther 10-point program - poet, orator, political prisoner.



John Froines - age 30 - staff member, MOB - SDS organizer - Berkeley grad in Chemistry - instructor, Oregon State U.



Lee Weiner - age 30 - grad student in sociology at Northwestern University.

THE HELIX

voice of the intellectually inarticulate

mobe

Well, government cliques are still hard at it, making a shambles of people all over the world? "our" government remains right in the thick of it, of course. There are people, however, dedicated to humanity, and in the Seattle area of the World we have the Pacific Northwest New Mobilization Committee to End the War in Vietnam.

This July 4, a group called the New Mobilization Committee to End, etc., met in Cleveland and laid down some plans to work against the war? among these plans were the October 15 Moratorium and nation peace actions for November 15 in Washington D'C and San Francisco. In Washington, a death march of citizens bearing names of the war dead past the White House, a mass rally, and lobbying are to take place, among other things? in San Francisco there will be a mass march and rally. These should be the among the largest demonstrations in the name of humanity ever to grace our American soil, the culmination of this year's expanded efforts to reach peace. The Northwest Mobilization Committee will send a delegation to Washington, but the big push from here will be towards the events in San Francisco.

Busses and car pools will be used to take all interested parties to SF on Friday, Nov. 14, the day planned for a Seattle strike and that evening, a rally. This event is very important to the continuing work for peace; all of YOU are needed to pitch in. You who care about a human world, take part in the Northwest Mobilization. And the national actions; the various peace organizations in this area are trying to

make it as easy as possible for all who want to go to San Francisco. There will be plenty of room in busses and cars for everyone. And it's not very expensive, either - 30 some dollars. For tythose such as students who would not be able to take care of the trip otherwise, there will be some subsidization. And baby-sitting. The good cause needs you good people; we need life to counter the living dead.

PACIFIC NORTHWEST NEW MOBILIZATION COMMITTEE TO END THE WAR IN VIETNAM UNIVERSITY "Y" 4525 19TH AVE' N.E. LAS-5757

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rip off

Last Friday night Paula Kinkaid and Skip Kendrick were abducted by the Lynnwood police for having in their possession and attempting to sell copies of the HELIX. I have to use the word "abducted" because they were not arrested nor were they officially detained. The particular flunkies that grabbed them seemed to be against the whole idea, but he told them the "city of Lynnwood considers the HELIX obscene material." We'll go into that later.

Paula was also a victim of larceny by the Lynnwood pigs. They confiscated her remaining copies of HELIX and would not give her back. Little did it matter that she has no rights to other personal property unless they have a warrant (which they did not), nor take any person into custody without informing them of their rights (which was not done).

Even after all this, they were not satisfied. The next day, Saturday, they kidnapped Skip again, along with Lois Treat and Pam Ratiff. Skip got the finger from the long arm of the law for again selling HELIX and the two girls were grabbed for an unwritten ordinance affectionately known throughout the Lynnwood P.D. as JBL (Just Being In Lynnwood).

This time the criminals were honored by being kidnapped by Chief of Pigs, Glandt. (He starred in our last exciting Lynnwood episode of "Reidlinger vs. Glandt".) Glandt has the distinction of being an ex-Chicago cop, 12 years in that pig sty. The crimes of the night before were repeated. Glandt stole 7 copies of HELIX from Skip, refused to inform him of his rights, abducted him without legal authority, and told him if he didn't cooperate with them, he would be locked up.

After they were taken to the station, one officer, I'd better not say his name, appeared totally pissed at the whole affair. But Glandt prevailed and the hassle went on. There was talk of charging the dealers with "peddling without a license" even though this contradicts

City Ordinance: 5.20.010 "Liscence to peddle required--exceptions: ...No liscense shall be required to peddle newspapers of general circulation within the city." Now we have been through that hassle with Lynnwood before and we do qualify under that ordinance.

Yes, Lynnwood does consider HELIX to be obscene. Mainly on the basis of an article we printed on a similar hassle involving Ric Reidlinger. They have taken it upon themselves to destroy HELIX in Lynnwood in clear and willful violation of the guaranteed freedom of the press in the first amendment of the Constitution.

Yes, Chief Glandt considers HELIX obscene. We called the chief of the Lynnwood Police a pig. If you think that description inaccurate, go talk to Chief Glandt, about anything. Some people might think this is a personal attack. That's probably because it is. Chief Glandt's qualifications for public office consist chiefly of four years of physical education at some midwestern college.

Chief Glandt may find himself being

served with a warrant for his arrest for petty larceny shortly. He stole 7 newspapers from Skip Reidlinger last Saturday night. When I talked to him yesterday, he said, "I didn't steal those papers. They're right here." That's like someone who robs a bank saying, "I didn't rob the bank. See, I've got the money right here." He also charged that Skip and the two girls were out after curfew, thus making Skip a contributor to their delinquency. That is an outright lie. Their parents picked them up at the fuzz hut around 8 o'clock. Well before the 10:00 pm curfew.

Skip is going to continue selling HELIX in Lynnwood, and now that he has been informed of his rights, will be forearmed against the shit the LPD will undoubtedly throw at him.

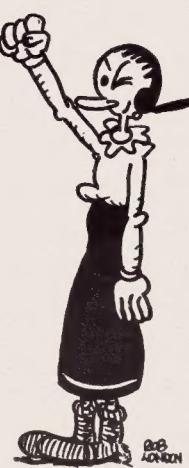
By the way, Chief, kidnapping is a capital offense.

hELIX

STAFF

Susan
Roger Hudson
Colleen
Ruff
Scott
Dan
W. Charles Crowley
Norman
Roxie
George the jaywalker Arthur
Pen
sharma
KS
Rip
Alan
Paul Temple
Paul Dorpat
Laura
Doug
Milo
Billy Ward
RL
Freeman
Jed Leland
Frank Chin
Wayne
Jack Kerouac
Roger Downey

Last week's cover - Paul Temple
photographer - fabrics and
flesh by Country Pie - bandage
by Johnson and Johnson
thanks Rog



BYTES

RESIGNATIONS

Last year officer resignations in the U.S. Air Force increased 50% and in the Army, 15%.

LAOS

The Laotian war, according to government figures so far has produced more than 600,000 refugees, or about a quarter of the population of the kingdom. Hard Times, 48.

THE VICTORIAN AWARD OF THE WEEK
 This week's award goes to Dewey's Cycle shop, your "friendly BSA dealer". It seems that they object to displaying factory advertising because the breast of some of the girls in the ads are exposed. Obviously, God fucked up when he put breasts on women, because I'm sure he wouldn't have intended to horrify his children by exposing them to such indecent and immoral organs.

P.T.A.

The PTA in Berkeley has become the first in the nation to go on record as opposing the Vietnam war.

FORT LEWIS STOCKADE

The Fort Lewis stockade is very tense and explosive. The stockade commander, Major Jackson, and a few of his guards, are responsible for the recent serious beatings in the stockade. These beatings have been done in Major Jackson's office or in solitary where it's hard to have witnesses. The guards have been threatened with Vietnam infantry duty if they don't stop beating the people, etc. Major Jackson has ordered them to shoot to kill if there is "suspicion of escape". All the prisoners have been ordered to work at hard labor whether they have been sentenced or not.

VIETNAM

Company A of the Third Battalion of the 196th light Infantry Brigade has been blasted during five straight days of fighting about 30 miles south of Da Nang. Reports indicate that only about 70 of the original 150 men were left. Once again, from the rear, came the order to attack. No one moved. After repeated orders from their Commanding Officer, the men of Company A still refused to fight. The survivors went back to combat again after a major raid a sergeant from battalion headquarters falsely stated that units with much greater losses were still fighting.

DEsertion

GIs in Vietnam are deserting US lines at the rate of 10 a day, according to the San Francisco Chronicle. The Okinawa Star Journal reports there are at least 3000 American GIs hiding in Saigon.

DEPARTMENT OF AGRICULTURE
 The Department of Agriculture spends \$67 million a year to promote and subsidize cigarette smoking. \$31.1 million is spent to send tobacco abroad in the Food for Peace program.

PRawns

The spot shrimp is also known as a prawn and is extensively used for frying and boiling. It is a large shrimp having a body size of 4 to 8 inches long. Large coon stripes and side stripes are also considered to be prawns. On inside waters, major shrimp beds are located in the San Juan Islands, Hood Canal and Elliott Bay. Many other areas having been depleted by overfishing.

EAGLES' WINGS CLIPPED

Last Monday, Dan Miller of Boyd Grafmyer Productions went to the Municipal Building to secure an entertainment license for The Collectors concert this weekend at Eagles. This is an age old tradition whereby BG has to get a separate license for each show he does. Each time the license has been granted with no hassle, until now.

Miller paid the fee and was told he could pick up the license later that day. That afternoon the bureau called to inform BG Productions the license had been denied. No reasons were given.

But the denial was far from inexplicable. Two weekends ago Eagles was the scene of a near riot when it was packed to overflowing for the Chicago Transit Authority concert. Inside the Hall over 2500 people gammed together, well in excess of Eagle's 2100 capacity. The fire department closed the doors, leaving several hundred people on the sidewalk and in the street waiting to get in. After a quick call to Boyd, somewhere in the great out-there, a second show was scheduled. The police cordoned off the streets and everyone waited.

Inside, many of the younger members of the especially young crowd got pretty freaky. People clambered up on the stage and were reluctant to leave. Several purses were stolen and one armed robbery was committed. In short a good time was held by all.

Meanwhile the Collectors concert is still being advertised. Undoubtedly BG knows more about what's happening with his license than we do.

KS: SAVING THE UNION

The purpose of unions has always been to improve the income, working conditions and general welfare of their members. The historically more militant unions have in greater or lesser degree come to realize that they are brothers to working people and oppressed people of the entire world, and that oppressed people cannot be significantly helped without changing the system which oppresses them. This kind of union thinking in recent years has been very little practiced, while the bread and butter philosophy has gained an almost complete ascendancy.

The method most usually adopted for pursuit of this end is restrictive entrance requirements, long apprenticeship programs and other efforts primarily aimed at decreasing the supply of labor of any particular skill available to an employer. Unions often used to conceal this primary goal from members and non-members alike, propaganda to the effect that these means are directed solely to increasing the quality of services the union, guild, or trade is able to render. This is a blatant sham but one that has been very successfully practiced. It is a little difficult to imagine that it takes a five year apprenticeship to learn the plumbing trade while a law degree may be achieved in three.

Of the persons most successfully excluded from the

VICTIM OF THE STATE

Early this fall, Art Dewitt began serving his jail term. Art, the 59-year-old proprietor of Art's Underground on 1st Avenue, had been busted on 13 counts of obscenity, found guilty, fined \$5,000 and sentenced to one year in the King County Jail. At one point in the trial, the judge showed some of the pictures which were confiscated and asked Art what he thought of the photos. Art replied that they were beautiful.

Obviously this type of person could not be allowed to remain in public. Anyons that would run for sheriff and senator on a platform of legalizing marijuanna and removing censorship was a dangerous person. Enter the suddenly zealous vice-squad. Exit the suddenly unpopular Art Dewitt.

Art has attempted suicide three times since entering jail. First he cut his wrists. Then came the throat. While recovering in the hospital from the second round, he was found hanging out a ninth story window. Before the nurse could do anything, Art had fallen or let go. He is now in serious condition and may never recover. Justice has struck another blow.

decent

Since April 21, we have been anxiously awaiting word on a very important project started by members of the local high schools. Now the plans are set. On Sunday, October 26, in the Seattle Center Arena, Seattle youth will have the chance to show the area and the world what youth is REALLY like; that is the date set for the SEATTLE YOUTH DECENTY RALLY.

Mistress of the ceremonies and chairman of the event is a Ballard High School Student who won the 1969 American Legion "Miss Liberty" award for patriotism. Topics for the event are: "Love of God", "Love of Country", "Love of Family", and "Respect for ONE's Self."

The rally starts at 2:00. Come out. See what the REAL kids are like.

JOHN CHAMBLESS

Art Linkletter, in Seattle this week, commented to a U of W cond. "Say, if you see that professor who staged the festival at Tenino would you kick him in the face for me?" "Yes folks, People are funny."

John Chambliss is, indeed, getting the boot. For the last six years John has served the University of Washington as an "instructor".

An instructorship is one of those quasi-stable positions a college professor assumes with his academic benefactor in the hopes of winning the University's undying fidelity. But the road to tenure, like the road to wisdom, is fraught with obstacles and traps.

John is now completing the last year of his contractship with "terminal assignment", which means that he is not tenured frantened sooner than will be out on his ear in June, 1970. Terminal assignment is an automatic classification established several years ago by the American Association of University Professors, ironically enough for the protection of people like Chambliss. By limiting instructorships to a maximum of 6 years, the AAUP sought to prevent universities from stringing out its employees in untenured positions.

October 31 is the deadline for a tenure recommendation to be forwarded by the Philosophy Department to the administration.

There is no reason why that recommendation should not be forthcoming. John is one of the departments best philosophers, a dubious distinction and by far the most aggressive and controversial teacher among his peers.

But John is also the guru-group who perpetrated Sky River on a suspending public. Despite his liberal activities, John makes radical noises in both his classroom and over KOT-1.

By granting tenure the university will saddle itself with John Chambliss for eternity. The question is whether the

University of A Thousand Years sees John in its future.

If not John Chambliss will join those other illustrious involuntary U of W dropouts, John Spellman, Monty West and Judith Shapiro; which is better, you've got to admit, than a kick in the face.

trades, from the railroad brotherhoods, and from most of the non-CIO unions, minority races are most conspicuously excluded.

To know the full extent of the sham, the cover-up of exclusive and largely irrelevant entrance requirements, we must appreciate that the most successful persons at doing this trick do not even call themselves unions. They are clubs like The American Medical Association, The American Bar Association, social workers and teachers associations, and very prominently pharmacists. The average druggist doesn't have to know more than how to read a label and count pills, yet he has to attend school for many years after his bachelor degree has been earned. Years ago this served a useful purpose, but now there is no real purpose in it except to make pharmacists scarce and their charges abnormalhigh. These people are most successful at the trick the trade unions continuously try to pull and they won't even admit they are unions. Nor will they admit that their primary purpose is higher incomes for members.

Strange isn't it that you do not have to have a degree to teach in a university, but you do have to have one to teach in a kindergarten? Strange isn't it, that many civil service jobs are open to degree people regardless of what subject the degree is taken in?

FORT LEWIS NEWS

RIGHTS DENIED AGAIN

36 off-duty GIs were booked by the Provost Marshall's office at Fort Lewis Monday night for attending an "unauthorized meeting" at the Cascadian Enlisted Men's Club at that installation. Their punishments, if the Army chooses to pursue the matter could range from extra duty to General Courts martial. The consensus of opinion is that they will probably receive Article 15s. This is the commanding officer's non-judicial punishment. It does not leave the GI with a criminal record.

The meeting was called to discuss forming a chapter of the American Servicemen's Union at Fort Lewis. Andy Stapp, the national head of the ASU, was one of 3 civilians escorted off the base and given written warnings to stay off or face possible \$500 fines and 6-month prison sentences. James Vonasch, (Shelter Half) was also given a written warning. This same type of warning was given Andy Stapp's wife at Fort Sill and that punishment was given Mary Anne Smith at that same affair. The GI's also discussed the next issue of the BOND, a serviceman's underground newspaper at Fort Lewis.

The first thing the MP's did was order the civilians off base. Then they took five men (supposedly the ring-leaders) away in a squad car. The remaining 30 or so men were hauled away to the Provost Marshall's office in a truck. Once there, all 36 men were placed in an 8'X10' cell to await

interrogation. Since they had conveniently been given a place, the GI's continued their meeting. They set up another meeting for the following Wednesday.

According to Pfc. Bruce Fredericks, one of the 36, the solidarity was "fantastic." Each time one of the men was taken out for interrogation, the rest would shout "Amen" (the statement, the right against self-incrimination) cheer, and give the peace sign or the clenched fist. They were singing songs, and during questioning would give only their name, rank, serial number and unit. After trying to question 15 or so men and getting the same reply, Sgt. Bostick started to type out release orders. A rather atypical, yet indicative, interrogation went like this:

Sgt. Bostick: Who organized this meeting?

GI: What meeting?

Sgt. Bostick: Who organized this meeting?

GI: I don't know.

Sgt. Bostick: You know you can get into as much trouble for lying as telling the truth?



(Oct. 10, Washington Post) The publisher of an underground newspaper for servicemen announced plans yesterday for a "GI Referendum" in which U.S. servicemen will be asked whether they believe American troops should be immediately withdrawn from Vietnam.

The referendum is being sponsored by Navy Seaman Roger Priest, who faces a court-martial for allegedly encouraging military desertions.

However, the plan suffered an initial setback yesterday when the editorial board of the Army, Navy, and Air Force Times newspaper refused to accept an advertisement containing a ballot on the withdrawal question.

A spokesman for the three weekly publications, which have a combined circulation among servicemen of 500,000, said the board "reached a consensus that the proposed advertisement is unacceptable for publication."

The papers were asked Monday by representatives of two anti-war organizations - the Serviceman's Link to Peace and the Business Executives Move For Peace in Vietnam - to publish Priest's advertisement.

Priest held a press conference yesterday after he is negotiating with Playboy magazine to run the same advertisement turned down by the three weekly newspapers.

The prospective referendum asks: "Should the United States bring the rest of the GI's home from Vietnam Now?" Boxes for "Yes" and "No" answers appear directly under the question, also information about obtaining additional copies of the ballot for circulation among servicemen.

Priest, a 25-year-old enlisted man stationed at the Naval Weapons Plant here, said yesterday that referendum ballots will also be distributed throughout the country by the Vietnam Moratorium Committee and other anti-war organizations.

Later yesterday at a Navy hearing, Priest's civilian lawyer asked a Navy law officer to either dismiss the court-martial charges of encouraging desertion, or require the prosecution to provide more detailed specifications.

The lawyer, David Rein, said the Defense Department has specifically ruled that servicemen may take part in underground publications if they do so on their own time.

The presiding officer, Capt. B. Raymond Perkins, took the defense motions under advisement.

Priest also asked that a court composed entirely of low-ranking enlisted men be appointed to hear the case to ensure Priest a trial "by his Peers."



USMC FIBS

At 11:45 on August 14, Tom Hegen had just gotten off the bus near the Helix office on his way to work at the Eastlake Galley. A Military car (No. 251043) drove by. Tom and the Officers glared at each other. The car backed up and a Marine Recruiter flew out of the car yelling, "What did you call me?" He grabbed Tom, who's less than half his size and a third his age, knocked him down, picked him up and smashed him in the face, knocking Tom backwards into some blackberry bushes. A witness, David Wagner, stopped and engaged in a mutual exchange of obscenities with the Marine Recruiter and a Naval Recruiter. The Recruiters got back in their car and as they drove off, the Naval Recruiter - Donald D. Smith, split in Dave's face.

Tom and Dave went to the Wallingford Precinct Station and attempted to file assault charges, but the Police Officer claimed he lacked jurisdiction and "would they please take their case to the military?" After calling the ACLU, they went downtown and filed criminal assault charges. Tom for being slugged and Dave for being spat upon. They then went to the Internal Investigating Division of the Seattle Police Department and filed a complaint against the Officer at Wallingford for "refusing to take a complaint."

But the Prosecutor refused to sign the complaints so that the Military Officers could be brought to trial. Tom and Dave had to have a hearing before Judge Nee to see if he'd sign the complaints. After listening to the stories, Judge Nee agreed to sign Tom's complaint, but refused to sign Dave's, as he didn't feel being spat upon was serious enough to warrant the court's time. When Dave asked if one had no legal recourse when spat upon, Judge Nee said, "Well, if I had to handle every case where someone bumped into someone else, in a store...."

Trial date was duly set in the case of City of Seattle vs. Sgt. Jack Dalton, USMC (727A Navajo Road) and Tom and Dave were subpoenaed to appear. Sgt. Dalton testified that what really happened was that Tom yelled, "Fuck you, Motherfucker," at him as he drove by. When he got out to ask Tom what he'd said, Tom repeated it and then tried to rip off his braid. He beat up Tom strictly in self-defense. The Naval Recruiter repeated, word for word, the lies of Sgt. Dalton. With the testimony of such upstanding pillars of the community as two Military Recruiters, Judge Towne hurriedly dismissed the case for "lack of sufficient evidence."

BYTES 5

FOOT IN MOUTH DISEASE

"I didn't steal his papers, I still have them," Chief Glandt, Lynwood Pig Chief.
* * * * *

KOREA

During the past few months, the number of men sent from Fort Lewis to Korea has been increasing. As many as 800 men a day on some occasions have left McCord for Korea. According to General Westmoreland, the setting is right for another Korean conflict.
* * * * *

DRAFT BOARD BLASTED

Destructive attacks on draft boards and other federal installations are on the increase. The latest incident occurred last week when a nighttime explosion at the Whitehall military induction center in New York City shattered windows, damaged walls and blew out a partition. Inductees must now report to the Brooklyn induction center. There was another explosion the same day near the ROTC headquarters at Texas A&M University in College Station, Texas. In Milwaukee last month, \$75,000 damage was reported after a bomb exploded in a subway near draft offices. Near 110,000 men are expected to be registered this year. In Madison when the National Guard armory was rocked by an explosion at the entrance to the drill area. In Akron, Ohio, a fire at the Summit County draft board, Sept. 26, damaged draft files. Oct. 21, there was a fire in the draft board office in Lorain, Ohio.
* * * * *

SAN JOSE CHICANOS ENRAGED

The enraged chicano community of San Jose, Calif., is calling for the removal of superior court judge, General Chargin, for racist statements. Mexican-Americans in the trial of a 15-year-old youth accused of incest with his 12-year-old sister. Some of the judge's pronouncements recorded on the transcript are: "Mexican people after 13 years of age think it is perfectly all right to go out and act like an animal... You ought to commit suicide.... Maybe Hitler was right... The commits in our society probably ought to be destroyed...."

GIRLS REFUSE TO PLEDGE

Two 12-year-old New York City girls have won a temporary injunction order allowing them to remain mute and seated during the daily pledge of allegiance to the flag at their public schools. The girls had been suspended from school for refusal to repeat the pledge or leave the room. School officials must appear in court Oct. 20 to explain why insisting the girls must either leave the room or stand up during the recital is not a violation of the Bill of Rights. The girls term the pledge hypocritical.
* * * * *

3 PANTHERS JAILED

Three Milwaukee Black Panthers have been charged with attempted murder of a patrolman who says he was fired at from a car in which the Panthers were riding. The Panthers deny having been in the area the day of the shooting and say a shotgun was planted in their car by police. The Panthers charge they were beaten on the way to and at police headquarters.





RECONSTRUCTION WORKER RAGA PART 2

alan beasley

"We want a WHITE GOVERNOR!" That must have been the 100th time Dan Evans had been interrupted. The pissed-off man who did it got cheers and laughter from among the 4,500 construction workers down at the capital that cloudy October 16th to tell the Governor to get them damned niggers off the job. To a lot of them it was to get them damned NIGGERS off the job.

"We want a WHITE GOVERNOR!" And you just know that six stories up in that capital building some fat cat was sitting there smiling and thinking, "Good. If those stupid workers keep spending their time hating niggers, we sure as hell aren't going to have any trouble with them."

If that fat cat was there he had a lot to smile about. A week before when the workers had marched after Spellman and Floyd Miller, they had carried signs saying "White Power" or "Equal Rights for Whites". Here some were honest enough to get it out in the open: "To hell with niggers - white power!" Everybody and his brother had little cloth American flags with little black poles tied to his hat or sticking out of shirt pockets, and if there was any doubt about where the men stood with the police, just one had to read the sign, "100% for our Police," "We're backing our police." On half the bumpers and hard hats were stickers: "Support your local police...Keep them independent!"

Poly of racist jokes, plenty of support for Wallace, and plenty of weird, sultry, slavish love for the few black guys to be seen. One was in the laborers union, the lowest paid and most integrated of the building trades. A dog sticking out of his pocket had been left behind to help march. There really wasn't anything wrong with the unions, he thought. He'd gotten in and anybody else willing to work hard and go through channels could, too. You found yourself glad he had that Old American badge flapping in the breeze, because even with it some of the workers eying the man just weren't at all sure about him.

They weren't very sure about me either. Not about Ed Mormon and the other people from the Labor Committee who were handing out sympathetic but non-racist leaflets calling for blacks and whites to get together and demand more jobs for construction workers. "These people are not with us," said one of the leaders on the P.A. "We do not sanction what they are handing out." When the workers marched by, one of the leaders yelled, "SDS sucks!" One of the members of the Labor Committee said he agreed but workers kept yelling it and many threw down the leaflets without reading them.

The guys were fitting right into my pre-conception of them. Even when that forms a scary picture, there is something pleasant and secure about having your stereotype of a group confirmed in black and white simplicity.

But, it grew less simple. Not all the conversations were hostile, most weren't. Stop and listen to them for five minutes and something human seems to enter. When it does, the pigeon hole you stuffed them into seems less and less adequate. What I saw in their eyes had to do with suffering and happiness and guts as well as fear. At the core, they are the same kind of people I like to sit in the Blue Moon and get loaded with. Racism by itself just isn't a wide enough category to do them justice. As you talk, the knowledge of a common bond seeps through.

A grey-haired man in worn working clothes carried a sign. "Impeach Spellman!" Spellman stutters. How about you, Evans? When I asked him what he had against Spellman, he stopped, looked at me, absolutely sure of what he was saying "You don't gain anything by taking something from one man and giving it to another."

"I've been in the construction trades off and on for the last 20 years," said a wizened man with 7 kids and a missing front tooth. "It's a dangerous job. Let's face it. I've seen a lot of men killed because their partner didn't know what he was doing. These blacks have to go

through apprenticeship."

He seemed sure that blacks could become apprentices. "Carpenters, laborers, and cement finishers, they're all open. They can join those, but they aren't satisfied. They have to get into the fancy ones. They want the ironworkers and Plumbers. Hell, I tried to be an ironworker and couldn't make it."

"Our union is open, man," a young man carrying an "Equal rights for Whites" sign said. He was in the Electrical workers. "6-1/2% of our apprentices this year were black and that's more than the proportion of blacks to whites in the city. These guys were fine. I worked with one all summer, but half of them quit. When classes started in the fall, they just bagged it. My dad is an electrician and let me tell you, he has pull. But it still took me a year and a half to get into an apprenticeship program. I've been in 2-1/2 years. These black guys just want to jump in and get journeyman's wages."

"If they go through the regular apprenticeship," said a plumber apprentice, "he who waited 22 months to get into the program, 'I'll work with them, I'm not proud, I worked with one once. They just got to get on the working list like everyone else.'"

"How many apprentices become journeymen every year?"

"About 6."

"Six every year and the program takes five years. If blacks get into the plumbers union this year, are you saying that even if they got half the apprenticeships, they'd have 3 journeymen at the end of 5 years?"

"Well, we're a small local. Seattle or somewhere probably graduates more."

"You always hear how much money we make," I'd say. "It's the man with the 7 kids again. 'Jesus, last year I had 12 W-2 forms. I'll tell you what that means, young fella. That means I had 12 different jobs.'"

"I suppose there was a week's wait between each one," I said.

"A week? I waited 3 and one half weeks once this year, and it wasn't any variation. I spent most of it in the hiring hall. EVERY MORNING, down in the hiring hall. Wait from 7 AM to AT LEAST 1 PM, then go and get, and then maybe go wait another 3 or 4 hours. And me, I'm a carpenter, we can go to the sites, go I get in my car and drive around every place. Looking for work. Then I might stop by the hall that night just checking to see if any work's come in..."

"There's a hundred and fifty people in my local hiring hall right now, waiting for work, and it isn't even winter yet. Nixon cut off 75% of the federal money already. Evans is going to do the same for the State. What's it going to be like to them?"

I asked him what the trainee program would do to the union.

"Oh, it'll break it if we don't do something about it. They're trying to break the unions, you see. We in the construction trades, we got some of the tightest unions around. Now, they'll have an excuse to hire scab labor. They'll just hire one of these trainees. Some cheap contractor who doesn't want to pay a union man will just come up to one of these blacks and say, 'You're a trainee,' and give him three dollars an hour. He'd have to

pay a journeyman five or six.

"Look, we defeated this right to work law. Christ, they put the thing up twice, and we defeated it both times. Now, they're trying to cram this down our throats. You know these black guys aren't going to join the union. If they don't have to, they won't. It costs us a hundred fifty dollars to get in and who's going to pay that if they don't have to? And we're just carpenters. I think it costs you \$300 initiation fee to the ironworkers. Nobody pays that unless you make 'em."

Popping out of every conversation are two things: white racism and a genuine fear for their jobs. What exacerbates both of them is the union structure and bureaucracy.

If you are in the construction trades, you are not

united into a large union that fights for you. You are in one of many small craft unions, which are essentially bargaining committees for the workers in them. Each union's interest begins and ends with helping its particular workers. If your union is one with key workers you can put up a good fight for more jobs, shorter hours, better working conditions, and higher pay, but it is much easier for union officials to cooperate with contractors for more "reasonable" benefits.

Instead of demanding more jobs for all, you just get control of the jobs that are being handed out and try to keep your union small enough so that there are enough jobs for everybody in it to make a living.

When craft unions were formed they fought hard for protection for journeymen, skilled people in a trade who know how to read blueprints and everything else. But contractors started using assembly-line techniques on construction which meant that they really only needed a couple of journeymen backed up by a couple of semi-skilled workers.

Since these semi-skilled workers would have done broader kinds of work than an unskilled worker, the unions would have had to move toward an industry-wide structure to accommodate them. That would have been very much against the interests of the contractors. Small fractions of workers are much easier to deal with than large united bodies. Union officials probably would have felt a little threatened, too. Nor did people in the higher paying crafts see it in their immediate interest to change the structure.

So, with a lot of pressure against changing and very little for it, the unions remained the same. They just refused to make room for a semi-skilled category and made sure that all the workers on the sites were either journeymen or apprentices. That was at least a way of protecting the journeymen.

Apprenticeship training, which had been useful in many ways, gradually became a way for keeping competition for jobs down. By regulating the number of people who get into apprenticeship programs, you regulate the number of people who get jobs. They refused to let anyone in who wasn't in a very narrow age group (for instance, to get into the plumber's apprentice program, you have to be between 18 and 21.)

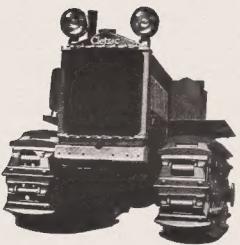
Many unions requiring high school graduation and some demand other academic credentials (Tyree Scott, chairman of the Central Contractors Association, has been doing good electrical work for a long time, but has never been able to get into the electrical workers apprenticeship program. They didn't want people who hadn't taken geometry and algebra.)

When a union refuses to expand its policies when technology changes its case is undermined; when it is built on a bankrupt craft basis instead of an industry wide basis, its power crumbles.

These days, you either concern yourself with all the workers in your field and expand your union activity or you find yourself engaged mainly in a holding action. And losing. You may want the government to spend a good portion of your tax money to build new schools, housing and hospitals this country desperately needs, but it feels free to give it to the military instead (the man wasn't kidding about Nixon's cutting back 75% of Federal Construction, nor with Evans following up in this state.) The government can leave unemployment compensation at a low level. Instead of using the union hiring hall, employers can subcontract workers on a job. If they want to save on labor costs they can have speed-ups, where everybody either speeds up or quits (a lot of old union members can't cut it on many of these jobs and have been fired.)

And eventually, the workers hurt by the archaic screening devices, revolt against the union. The young white workers that suffer from them haven't done much, but under the leadership of the CCA we have seen what the blacks have done.

After 350 years they think it is about time for an even break. Twice as many blacks are out of work as whites. The ones working make 60% of what white workers do. They are, "the last hired and the first fired."



a white worker raps

Q: In recent weeks several publicly-financed construction jobs have been shut down over the disputed question of whether black workers are entitled to a fair share of jobs in certain skilled and highly-paid trades. In some cases, the shutdown occurred because white members of several unions walked off the job where black trainees had been placed; in others, blacks, under the leadership of the black contractors organization, took measures to stop construction when they were denied employment in several lines of work.

As a long-time member and former business agent of a building trades union, and once a member of a Building Trades Council, what do you make of this?

A: I am disgusted but not in the least surprised by it. In fact, I am puzzled that some such thing has not happened long ago.

In the building trades, like everywhere else, blacks and other minority workmen have always had the short end of the stick, but as everybody knows, certain building trades unions have refused to grant membership to black workmen, whatever their qualifications, and in this way denied them referral to jobs under union contract, which in a town like Seattle, covers just about all major construction.

Of course, this is contrary to all notions of justice and fair play. It is in violation of the spirit and letter of the law. It should be treated simply as a crime. To do this in publicly-financed construction is not just a crime; it is an outrage.

What is a black person to think of this? When it comes to collecting taxes, nobody cares about the colors of our skins. But, when it comes to getting our share of the work set going by tax money, that is something else again. We want our share - no more - of this work. God knows we are patient. We go through all the rigmarole, making the rounds of the several agencies, commissions, etc., that are supposed to look out for our rights. We go, hat in hand, to the unions where, when we are not thrown out bodily, we are told about their procedures, which they make up to suit themselves and into which, somehow, we never fit. When we raise questions, we get no real answers. Only dodges, brush-offs, just plain lies. Why? Could it be that the real answers, if spoken, would not be fit to be heard? If they put it straight out, would it go something like this? Go get yourself a job on a garbage truck. No? Then send your wife out to the suburbs to swamp up after the white folks. Not? Then put your daughter in a whorehouse, for all I care.

Now, when you tell a person he can't have certain things that he has coming to him because his skin is not the right color, a condition he could not change if he would - and would not change if he could - you are asking for a fight. And that is just what some building trades unions and some white union members have got themselves into now.

Q: As you see it, what will be the consequences of this for the building trades unions and for the Labor Movement generally?

A: I doubt that anybody can predict in detail just how it will turn out, but for my part I can see only two ways that it CAN work out. Either in a union way or an open shop way. Either the unions involved will get civilized, open up their ranks to black workers, set up the means for them to acquire the necessary skills where they lack them, and integrate them into their ranks on a basis of strict equality and mutual respect, both the building

trades unions and the labor movement as a whole will come out of it whole and stronger than ever. Or, if they refuse, the blacks will have no option other than to take their share of the work outside the union jurisdiction. If so, there will be no lack of contractors, black and white, along with assorted union haters, ready to exploit this situation in their own way, to establish wage differentials for comparable work between union and non-union help, to pit black against white, and in this way to beat down conditions for workmen - black and white. A look at conditions is the construction industry in the most backward parts of the South will give you some idea what I mean.

Q: What steps could the unions take to implement the training process? What of the apprenticeship programs?

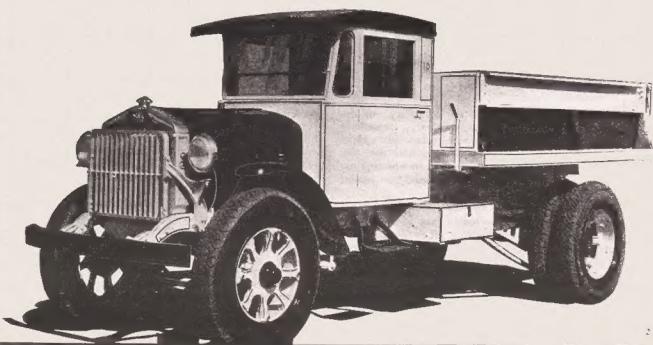
A: I have no quarrel with the apprenticeship programs where, as is not always the case, all candidates for apprenticeship status are treated alike, but they are not up to a crisis like the present one, or for example, the one that occurred before and during the Second World War. At that time the building trades and other unions were called upon to supply several times as many workers as they had members. In response to this, they, along with other groups, the contractors, set up training programs open to men and women of all ages, and training was provided on a huge scale. Alongside of this, the problem of training enough black workmen to make their numbers working in skilled construction proportional to their numbers in the community is no problem at all - given the consent and cooperation of the unions now standing in the way.

Q: From what one reads in the papers, it appears that the Associated General Contractors are cooperating in the integration effort. How do you see this?

A: They are playing a cute role here, I admit. To the public, they show their cooperative and law-abiding faces. But, when they agree to send prospective trainees to the offending unions for clearance, they know very well that the union officials, who have the closest relations with them and who seldom make an important move without consulting with them, will refuse it.

Q: Where unions persist in denying work to blacks, would you say that this policy originates with the rank-and-file members?

A: I can think of a union or two where officials and rank-and-file members see eye to eye on this question, but aside from this I am convinced that such racist origins as we have seen recently ALWAYS originate outside the labor movement. Employer groups and the Establishment in general have need to control the labor movement. To do this they must first cut down its strength to manageable proportions. There is more than one way to do this, but the surest, the most convenient, and by far the most popular one is to exploit existing race prejudice among whites. If this is to be done effectively, employer agents, usually working under the guidance of teh FBI, seek out the narrowest, the most ignorant, the most bigoted among the white workmen, mobilize them, bring them to the fore, and put them into action, bringing along as many others as possible with them. If you look into the faces and listen to the voices of white racist workmen recently interviewed on television, you will appreciate what I mean.



15% of the city of Seattle is black and only 1/2 of 1% of workers in skilled construction are black. Unions don't think it is their fault. Most of them claim they have never discriminated: if blacks could meet our requirements everything would be ok. (12 years of bullshit public schools so I can qualify to lay pipes?) If blacks would just wait like everyone else has to we would make room for them. (350 goddamned suffocating years and I'm supposed to get in line?) For a long time black people were trying to get in even under these terms. Some unions went along (the Laborers, Cement Finishers, and Carpenters were trying) but the rest said no. There have been negotiations during the last two years by associations like CAMPO, the Model cities, and the unions always refuse to give in inch.

Right now black workers must be seeing white workers as their enemies. And many, many white workers see black workers not as "niggers" but union busting niggers. But they have to get together. Either the workers force the union bureaucracy to open up for the trainees or all the workers get hurt. If they aren't admitted the contractors will have an organized bunch of workers to do their assembly line jobs for them at twice pay and white workers will have a big hole broken in their unions. Either the unions quit hoarding the few remaining goodies and join with blacks to fight for better conditions for all construction workers, or the unions are going to die. It may be a slow death, but that is what's coming. This difficult challenge is not going to be met unless white workers overcome their racism and narrow craft consciousness.

If ideas have to be taken seriously, but the people, they are directed to in order to be relevant, I could just as easily have left this last section out. The threatened workers gathered in Olympia didn't want to hear what people on the Left thought they should do about their plight, but they did. Their bid was against a wall and they knew they had to do something.

Not that they were organized. The march started late. A fat, slow worm of workers, 12 bodies wide, marching up Capitol Way, 4,500 semi-drunken Boy Scouts wondering what the hell they're doing. Nearing their destination they broke into a fairly convincing chant: "WE WANT EVANS! WE WANT EVANS!" The worm broke and sprawled over the steps and lawns between the Temple of Justice and the Capitol Building.

When Evans finally appeared, Leroy Mozingo of the workers read their demands and the Governor tried to respond through the boos and jeers. He was glad the men were participating in politics ("Get to the point, Dan!") and was for law and order being preserved at construction sites, but that was the job of local officials. He didn't think the trainee program was hurting the apprenticeship program ("I wouldn't either, if I was making 50 thousand a year, Evans!") and he made it clear that he wasn't going to do anything to stop it. He knew that everybody there was for equal opportunity for all (the loudest boos of all) and hoped that the housing cutback would be short.

Almost before he was done, workers were leaving, mad that they'd missed a day's work. "Well, I didn't expect anything anyway," said a man who'd said he was planning to support Wallace in '72.

Some of the people probably expected something because they started yelling for Evans again and moving up the steps until he went inside. Their own security men tried to hold them back, but then went on pushing and yelling. Several white men (one still drinking beer) began pushing people out of the way. Under the pillars of teh Temple of Justice, two workers broke out in a fight. Not many involved but some heavy slugging. A man was on the ground, being kicked by another worker.

And you just know that in a big office six stories up some fat cat was sitting there smiling and thinking: "Good. If these dumb workers keep fighting themselves, we sure as hell aren't going to have any trouble with them."



MORATORIUM

Despite the non-violent nature of the Moratorium, last week's massive anti-war demonstration was a serious confrontation. America found itself confronted with political realities and changes which the mass media has been busy denying for the past five years.

American politics have changed, the moratorium, as no other demonstration, served notice of this. The change was clear in the media's coverage of the demonstration. The change was obvious in the manner in which Nixon faced the moratorium. Finally, the change was evident in the meaning and tone of the moratorium itself.

The moratorium was the first demonstration of anti-war sentiment which the mass media took seriously as a political event. Demonstrations in the past five years have been looked upon as aberrations, good for a five minute spot on a news cast, but not really meaningful.

But this time the moratorium was treated differently; it may not have been really substantially different from past demonstrations, but the mass media saw it was different; and this change in the media's perspective was important. The three networks all devoted considerable time to analysis of the event. All seemed surprised at the event's size. In a sense, they were prisoners of their own myths. Demonstrations in the past were not the work of a few radicals, persons who's opinions didn't count, but the media saw and presented them as such.

Suddenly, all sorts of people were against the war; senators, clean-cut students, Wall Street Brokers (the demonstration caused the New York Stock exchange to rise).

Despite the newly-admitted "respectability" of the moratorium, the message was clear: immediate withdrawal from Vietnam. The moratorium was a clear indication of the tremendous shift in debate over the war. Previously the terms were support or non-support for the war. Now the debate revolves around how to end the war.

Nixon's response to the demonstrations was also a sign of this change; the response was of such a size that he couldn't ignore it, nor pass it off as the work of a few isolated malcontents or red agents. In a tremendous display of mental gymnastics, America's leading used car salesman granted the "legitimacy" of the demonstration, but denied it was part of the "democratic process," a frighteningly totalitarian piece of doublethink.

Nixon took office promising to end the war, like few other politicians in this era he finds himself caught in his own life. The moratorium said, end the war; the nation is now waiting for the big dick to come through.

There are several aspects of the demonstration which strike home as meaningful in a broader political sense than just the issue of the war.

The demonstration signaled the final death of McCarthyism and guilt by association. In Seattle, Congressman Brock Adams appeared on the same platform as members of SDS and the Young Socialist Alliance.

He was on that platform not to debate them, but to speak in support of the same end which they seek. He might not have wanted to be there, but Brock Adams is an accurate enough politician to realize that anti-war sentiment is widespread enough to have some effect on his career - he had better make clear which side he is on. The moratorium demonstrated that liberals have been forced and left to accept immediate withdrawal as a "viable alternative." This only takes on significance when viewed in context.

In 1964, everyone except SDS and the YSA withdrew from an anti-war demonstration at the Westside Mall. The issue? YSA was going to march with banners demanding immediate withdrawal. This was too much for the liberals and pacifists involved. Obviously, liberals have not accepted the analysis which underlies the demand of immediate withdrawal, but they've accepted the demand.

The limits of political expression in the U.S. have been significantly broadened by the anti-war movement. Demonstrations have been legitimized as verboten in the U.S. for the past ten years. They were the exclusive property of leftists and blacks. Now demonstrations are again part of political life in the U.S.

The moratorium of last week is only half the picture. As a one-time event it will have little impact. But, if the November 14-15 student strike and demonstrations are huge, the Nixon administration will feel the pressure to end the war as neither the Johnson nor the Nixon regimes have before.

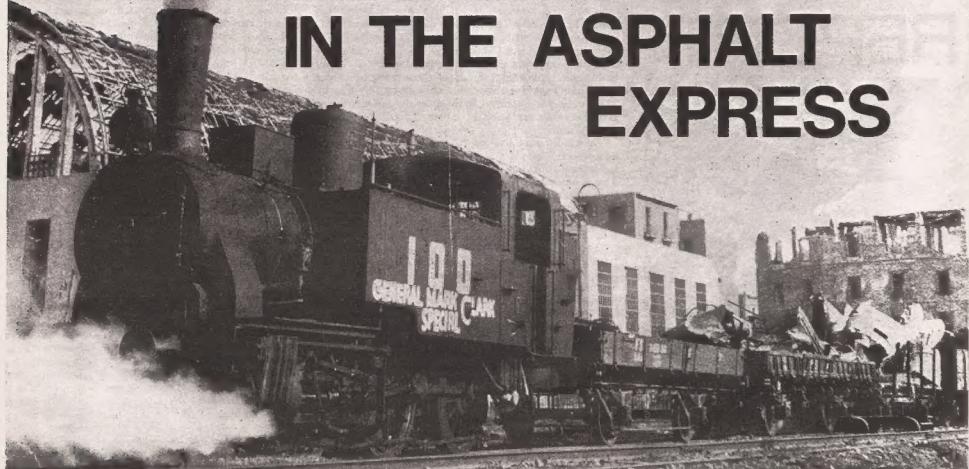
Some Nixon administration spokesmen suggested that the moratorium was a chance for everyone to "get it off their chests," to express their dissatisfaction and then to go back to normal life. The November demonstrations must show that analysis to be false.

Changes in the political life of the United States are coming fast. Every week its leaders are shown to be more corrupt, more transparent. Every week its "democratic process" is shown to be more hollow, more meaningless. The moratorium, and next month's demonstrations are important components in the process of exposure.



G.A.

ROLLING ON KENT IN THE ASPHALT EXPRESS



By LORENZO MILAM
Seattle Correspondent

There must be a hundred of us on the train. All the dignitaries and officials ride in the parlor car. The press rides in the bar-car. No drinks, though. At least, not yet. Not until the trip back. They want us sober enough to write good copy.

From out the bar-car window, I can see the sweet pastures of the Green River Valley. A child rides by on a spotted pony. She rides way forward, on the pony neck, like an Indian. I wave to her. She doesn't see me.

The train backs into the Marshaling Complex. That's why we're here: to dedicate the Kent Automobile Marshaling Complex. "This has got to be the goddamnedest boondoggle," a P.I. photographer tells me. "They give us a thirty minute ride, in a train, to dedicate a parking lot."

Everyone piles out. As I head towards the door, I pass an old geezer slouched down in the parlor car. His eyes are closed. "9th Vice-President in Charge of Sales, General Motors," says his name-tag. His face is babyish, his dewlaps sag, a bit droopy. "Wake up," I whisper, shaking him roughly. "Wake up." "I call him sir." "It's time to wake up for the dedication."

"It's time to wake up for the dedication," he mumbles drowsily after me. His eyes close, his chin rests on his chest; his dewlaps quiver as still. He sleeps.

The dignitaries huddle in a tent, built special for the occasion. The wind tries to pull down the tent. A dozen or so railway workers try to hold the tent up: a brawny crew, hanging on to the heaving tent-stakes, fighting the wind, protecting the dignitaries from immediate burial.

The president of the Milwaukee Road, a mayor or two, and the governor's representative speechify from the back platform of the train. "Continuing progress," they say. The wind twists and distorts their words. The words mingle with the squeals of the amplifying system. The wind twist, turn incomprehensible. No difference. What is there to say about five acres of asphalt that hasn't been said already?

Joshua Green totters up to the microphone. Two girls-dressed in tiny petticoat skirts-stand below him. The wind does amazing things to their skirts. I sidle up, pretend to watch Joshua Green, pretend to take notes. The girls have very long legs.

"Joshua Green," I write. "Amazing man. Wind him up in the morning. Send tottering out to make speeches, kiss pretty girls. Nods, speaks with Charley McCarthy mouth. Beautiful white collar. Like minister. Totters home at nine. Stick him in closet. Until next morning: then wind him up, send him tottering out again..."

The girls unwind the ribbon. Me and 25 other newsmen pretend to take notes. Jape-eye the girls legs as they hold up their arms, hold up the ribbon. Balloons dancing with each other, turning smaller and smaller against the grey-blue sky. Balloons (still dancing with each other) become black specks, disappear. A surprise for some child of 5 or 9. A faded, wrinkled balloon,

descending on some village: a momento of the new asphalt lawns of Kent.

We draw back on the train for the ride home. My friend with the dewlaps is wandering around the bar-car, trying to entertain 25 thirsty reporters by getting the first drink. "I woke you up." I tell him. "I woke you up so you wouldn't miss the ceremonies." He snarls at me. Some people are barely civil before their first drink.

The dignitaries retire to the parlor car, we wet types cheer the opening of the bar. At one end, a game of gin rummy (it began before we got on the train, is probably going on even now) explodes into occasional jokes, and curses, and raucous laughter. "Whaddya gonna do with that ace, Bob?" Bob says: "Christ, Ed - can'tcha do better than that?" Ed looks like Spiro Agnew. Might be Spiro Agnew, for all I know. Who knows what the Milwaukee Road is capable of?

I lean over to the reporter from the TIMES. "I think that might be Spiro Agnew back there," I tell him, "although I can't imagine why they hauled him in for the dedication of the Kent Automobile Marshaling yards." I can guess why they wouldn't let him speak, though.

I smile and nod at the reporter. I like giving scoops to hard-driving newsmen. He is disinterested. He is busy trying to wrestle the speeches out of his tape recorder. What with all the wind and feedback, he only gets screeches and whistles, a Samuel Beckett dialogue: "...sign of progress (squeek)...the northwest (howl)...he newest (shriek)..."

"Goddam this machine," he says. He sighs. I start making a few notes on the important dignitary in the bar-car. "You kids," he says. "I'm getting too old for this. You never remember all their speeches. I can't remember a goddamn thing." I tell him I'm just writing things about balloons and girls and ponies and things. Girls and ponies.

I look out the window, look for the pony rider. She's gone. The greenery wheels and turns. She's gone: she doesn't want to get asphalted over. She's gone.

The bar-car gets crowded, noisy, smoky. The Milwaukee Road opens all the spigots for the long journey north from Kent to Seattle. "You want to know what's wrong with the railroads?" I ask my friend. But he's not listening to me. He's still wrestling with the shrieks of the wind and old men in his tape recorder.

You know what's wrong with the railroads, I tell myself. They're stupid. They're stupid and old. Run by medieval antiques.

If they can spend these thousands of dollars to organize a boondoggle like this, they could organize trips—every day—for the people in Seattle who happen to love to ride on trains.

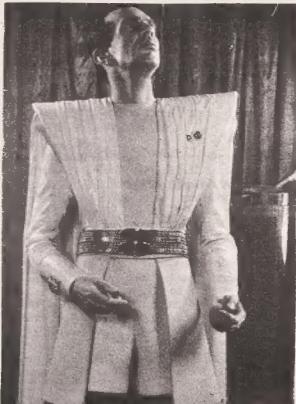
With all the right-of-ways through and around this area, they could organize two and three hour rides all over. With girls and banjo bands and a fully stocked bar. Trips for those people who like seeing the countryside, and the city, from that peculiar great vista reserved for the windows of trains.

VIR TRAIN LEAVES FROM KENT

Every day—for an hour or two—an old steam locomotive, chugging out of the King Street Station: taking us for rides around the University (there are tracks around the University), around Lake Union (there are tracks around Lake Union), over to the Sound (there are tracks around the Sound). Anywhere: where there are sights to be seen, where there are rails to be ridden.

That's what they'd do. Those railroad people. If they weren't such a bunch of old fogies. If they really cared.

Robert Heilman Shows Latest In Fashion-



Travel Tunic
For Mr. Man!

HOUSING REPORT



INVENTED SPACE

Three weeks ago, city council tentatively approved nine changes in the Seattle Housing Code after being petitioned by several groups, especially the Central Area Tenants Association. Most of the unamended code applies not only to tenant's dwelling but also to owner-occupied (read: "inventored") housing; however, most of the complaints received by the building department about sub-standard housing are from tenants. Undoubtedly, this is due to the inferiority of renter-occupied housing units in relation to other housing. Thus, it's no surprise that all of the changes agreed upon (and especially three others that will probably be adjudged illegal) are aimed directly at tenant-landlord relations and inter-responsibilities.

This is not to say that home-owners are living high-off-the-hog, quite the contrary; most of them pay steep mortgage payments for cheap old wooden frame houses with inefficient heating.

THE CONDITION OF SEATTLE'S HOUSING

Let's examine the condition of Seattle housing as reported in the 1960 census. At that time there were

215,981 housing units: 18.3% of these were sub-standard (dilapidated, deteriorating or lacking essential plumbing facilities.) Sixty three percent of Seattle housing was built before 1939, and 50.4% before 1929 and today there are about 70,000 housing units over 50 years old. Overcrowding, however, is not as atrocious as in other cities. Here, 4.6% of all occupied units are overcrowded, according to government standards. This is probably less than actual overcrowding since the census bureau allows only one room per person in its standard (don't count bathrooms). Consider a family of three living in a three room unit (not overcrowded according to the census). They have one bedroom, a living room and a kitchen; and the child can sleep in either the bathtub or the kitchen sink.

Seattle housing also has somewhat backward heating equipment. The most efficient and inexpensive heat is steam heat, but only 27% of all Seattle housing has this. This is compared with 94% for New York City, 59% for Philadelphia, 63% for Chicago and 32.6% for San Francisco. Another 8% of Seattle housing has built-in electric units which heats a dwelling with extra high oil bills. The remaining 20% use ancient methods.

Though the percentage of Seattle sub-standard housing is lower than that of the state (21.5%), it doesn't compare well with other Western cities and states. Sixteen percent of all housing in the Pacific states is substandard compared to Seattle's 18.3%. California has 13.5% of its housing in the sub-standard category, and, according to the census, Los Angeles has "only" 17% while San Francisco has 17.5%.

Since 1960 approximately 19,000 housing units have been built within Seattle. This did not do much to alleviate the shortage of low-cost housing since about 60% of these units are expensive apartments. For the period from 1960-1969 two-thirds of persons live in Seattle now, even though population increased. In 1960 the overall ratio of population to housing was 2.5. However, in the past decade several areas of the city have become more crowded; for Ballard the ratio of additions in population to new housing for the past 9 years was 3.5, Greenlake-Wallingford was 3.8, University 2.6. The trend in these areas (which are populated mostly by whites) correlates with statements from HUD that "families will be doubling up". The situation on new construction also worsened in the past year: while at least 40,000 units need replacing and new units should be built to meet real demand, there has been a DROP of 23% in housing starts in the past year within Seattle. This of course leads to high rate of unemployment among building tradesmen.

PLIGHT OF THE TENANT

The above general statistics hide the plight of Seattle's tenant. While only 8% of owner occupied housing was sub-standard in 1960, 27.4% of all renter-occupied units were in such a state, and of all housing available for rent in March 1960, 37.3% were sub-standard. Eighteen percent of all tenants have to share a bathroom while only 17.4% of all owners have to go to such inconvenience. Renter-occupied housing is usually older too; while 58.2% of all owner occupied dwellings were built before 1939, 72.6% of all units rented in 1960 fell into that category. Tenants are also more crowded than occupiers of mortgaged homes: 30% didn't even meet government standards.

Housing available for rent is usually unappetizing. As noted above a much greater percentage of the housing is sub-standard. Also, 40% of households in Seattle in 1960 were room-and-boarder combinations. 38% didn't even have a kitchen and only 23% had more than one bedroom. People have a tendency to take such figures in stride, claiming that a lot of these holes-in-the-wall are "studio apartments". However, these same units are fantastically over-priced and their tenants proportionately pay more in rents than homeowners pay on their mortgages.

PROPOSED HOUSING CODE REVISIONS

Now, let's examine the proposed revisions in the Housing code and see if they do what is needed to be done; that is, will they insure that sub-standard housing is eliminated? These revisions are not yet law and the ordinances are now being drawn up by the Co-operative Council. A public hearing will be held next week and one can call council chambers to find out when. In any event, nothing is yet final.

In the agreement reached between the Central Area Tenants Association (CATA) and the Apartment Operators Association, there are mostly good provisions, but a few bad ones also. The proposed code would cause a speed-up of the grievance-enforcement system, would outlaw a landlord's harassment of a tenant who reports his unit to the city as sub-standard housing and would

make it harder for a landlord to sell his worthless sub-standard building to an unsuspecting person. It will also make it harder for him to rent a building that has been declared sub-standard by the building inspector. Significantly, the agreement delineates responsibilities for upkeep between the landlord (or his agent) and the tenant. Here the CATA made one bad mistake: not only did they agree that the tenants should be held responsible for maintaining the landlord's crummy electrical and plumbing fixtures, they originally suggested it! This undoubtedly pleased the Apartment Operators Association. The proposal made by the CATA also ignored the fact that the old code did not require an amendment to the Housing Code.

THE REAL PROBLEM

But the proposals don't attack the real problem: how to eliminate sub-standard housing. Revision of the code cannot do that because any such change can not make standard units unprofitable and therefore impossible. The root of the problem lies in the ownership of the structure and the over-valued mortgages for sub-standard housing. Under present assessment and tax laws a landlord can receive fantastic rental income from a worthless pile of brick and claim that he's in financial straits. Amazingly, he's correct since he has to make huge debt service payments to the bank, insurance companies and other financial institutions that may hold his mortgage. It is the financiers who rake in the rent money from sub-standard housing (they also hold most home-owner mortgages) since these units are worth thousands on the books in a contracting housing market while the real value, the degree to which they meet the social need for housing, is almost nil. This is not unusual, it exists everywhere because it is more profitable to own inadequate structures than build new low-rent housing.

The landlord is in the following situation: he has to make debt service payments and cannot afford to keep the condition of his building up. Then one day a tenant of his calls the building inspector to report the building. The landlord is brought before the Housing Advisory Board (now Citizen's Advisory Board) for a hearing. Under the Housing Code (with or without proposed revisions) he can claim "hardship" which means that he will repair something only if he can raise the rent! His "hardship" (actually his tenants' hardship) is caused by all the fictitious costs he has to pay to profit-searing financial institutions.

Naturally, the landlords try to get their finger in the pie too; their game is called "depreciation". When someone purchases a building he is allowed to figure 2% depreciation per year into the cost of running the building that determines the rents. The idea is that either 1) this money will be used to keep the building in good shape or 2) in the event that he doesn't put the money back into the building, depreciation will cushion his loss from selling the structure at a lower price due to wear and tear. Number 1 doesn't happen at all, but something like number 2 does. He keeps the depreciation allowance but sells the building at a higher speculative price, making a profit in two ways during our present housing shortage. Once the building is sold, depreciation starts all over again for the new landlord from the new higher sale price.

A TAX ON GROSS RENTAL INCOME

The problem then is that not enough good housing is being built to meet the need for housing and that some people are making money by investing in run-down housing (or new housing with high interest rates). What we need to do is allocate the presently wasted rental money toward real productive avenues of investment, e.g. housing construction. This could be accomplished by a tax on gross rental income where the tax rates would be to the depreciated value of a building, depreciated from the original construction cost plus the cost of all improvement with inflation taken into account. This would provide a measure of how much was being made from a building vs. its real value as a place to live. The tax envisioned could not be escaped through rent-raise since the rate of taxation would go up faster than any rent paid; an incentive would be provided for a landlord to keep up his property. The money from this tax could be directed to a joint committee of construction workers and tenants who could use it to build needed housing. Such an influx of new low-rent housing would also cause a lowering of rents all over the Seattle area since people would clamor to the new housing.

If you're interested in this proposal contact Bob Gallagher, 902 NE 42nd, ME4-1727 or 543-0758.

BOR GALLAGHER -

SEATTLE LABOR COMMITTEE



TINA TURNER



The Acts of the Mad Mother

PAUL DORPAT

ALL CREATION is the sport of my MAD MOTHER KALI;
By her MAYA the three worlds are BEWITCHED.

MAD is she and MAD is her Husband; Mad are her (three) DISCIPLES!

NONE can describe her Loveliness, her Glories, moods,
GESTURES;

SHIVA, with the agony of the poison in his throat,
CHANTS HER NAME again and again.

GLORY and SHAME, bitter and sweet, are her's alone,
THIS WORLD IS NOTHING BUT HER PLAY.
Then WHY, does this BLISSFUL ONE cause a RIFT in it?

She has BESTOWED on me this MIND.

And with a KNOWING WINK OF HER EYE
BIDDEN ME, at the SAME TIME, to go and
ENJOY THE WORLD.

the picture:

You remember the "HEAD OF CHRIST" your parents hung over the piano. Sometimes, perhaps, you would sing hymns together around the old upright. And you were being watched-over by that Jesus "tender, meek and mild": that beautiful Jesus somehow about as innocuous as an aging flower child.

Now it is necessary for you to altogether forget the Jesus that hangs a difficult child's reach above the piano. If ever it was difficult for you to climb to the top of the piano, it is forbidden for you to climb on stage. But since this copy is obviously surrounded by pictures of Tina Turner you are invited to look and look again -- and find your personal inspiration. Actually, through the length of this review you are specifically requested to look-up at Tina Turner with religious enthusiasm. Understanding the dangers, of course: that peculiar magic of religious icons that transfixes the eye with the uncanny sense that the god or goddess is somehow there with you. Since the GODDESS TINA TURNER ON STAGE is as separate and inviolate as a picture, you will -- as do I -- have to look to making some magic connection. Fortunately for you a REVIEW of her performance requires the same vision as the original VIEW of it. That is, as long as you have pictures? and we have them here.

I have an uneasy feeling that you are reading me wrong. I am not building to some sardonic complaint that Tina and I -- and you too -- are not able to dance together off-stage in the grass somewhere. I do admit to wanting that sometimes. I say to myself, "Paul, if you had a woman like that you could just give up everything but dancing entirely." So I imagine Jesus looking several times more pure and innocent than the Great Rock God I visited my sister's room late at night when the den was all dark and the piano silent. But both these desires are varieties of a banal magic that has very little to do with the religious magic I'm trying to lead you into. It is essential that we leave Tina up on the stage: up in the picture.

Did you notice how much the song by the Hindu poet Rampressad is like a picture? When you're reading the song or looking at the picture, you obviously not literally embracing the woman in the picture or the Dark Goddess in the song. So what's a fair description of what you're doing? That your motive is not from the body is not to denigrate it. In fact, this detached magic gets moving with a MOTIVE FOR METAPHOR: a juggling of aspects and innuendos -- the minds passion for teaching consciousness the primal rhythms and caresses that somehow escaped the finger-tips. So what we are doing together is this: ...

MORPHOME TAPHORICA A STUDY OF TINATURNER

Now in respect I understand it was this MOTIVE FOR METAPHOR that caused me not to miss the Ike and Tina Turner Pavilion concert last Friday. And poetically -- even religiously -- I took my camera. Now, some few days later, I am at home in my basement looking at the pictures: the moving ones. And I understand how perfectly fitting is the "movingness" in Tina Turner's case. ("Tina Turner's Case," how fresh that also SOUNDS LIKE A PICTURE.)

Since there are all sorts of religious sects and supporting doctring it would help -- in "Tina Turner's case" -- to say something specific about the kind of religious magic were seeing here for so perversely with tortured words like MORPHOMETAPHORICAL. I know from my own experience that it is possible to consider a snapshot of the Eiffel Tower one's parents, carry home with them often a sumptuous tradition'd Paris as a kind of religious icon. But that kind of picture does not immediately and convincingly inspire us with religious enthusiasm. But the DANCING TINA TURNER does.

I give you TINA TURNER AS THE GREATEST GODDESS KALI. Her performance is the reenACTMENT of that ancient hindu myth of MAHA-MAYA or the BLACK GODDESS who is the ILLUSION or MOTHER OF THE WORLD....

ALL CREATION is the sport of my MAD MOTHER. By her MAYA the three worlds are BEWITCHED. MAD is she and MAD is her Husband. Mad are her (three) DISCIPLES! THIS WORLD IS NOTHING BUT HER PLAY

Here -- if we need to be reminded -- we rediscover complete religious propriety of our detachment: enthusiastically settling for a picture -- of our position STAGE. The Goddess is playing around with the MOTIF OF MAYA; that is, of ART AND ILLUSION. Of all these PICTURES are obviously illusory. But it is not so often that DANCING IN THE GRASS is equally illusory. The BLACK GODDESS is saying "Hey Baby, come WITH THE BODY that the body by itself could manage: the sweetest illusions, references and connections. The principle: -- to quote a favorite but here unnamed author -- "THE BODY IS PLASTIC, BUT THE MIND IS ESEMPLASTIC". To get to THE MIND AT THE MORPHOMETAPHORICAL POINT of all this....

.... THIS WORLD IS NOTHING BUT HER PLAY. Then WHY, does this BLISSFUL ONE cause a RIFT in it? She has BESTOWED on me this MIND. And with a KNOWING WINK OF HER EYE BIDDEN ME, at the SAME TIME, to go and ENJOY THE WORLD.

the play:

This song or religious picture is the poor boy's picture from us from our NATURAL prejudices: our associations are somehow something very different than a PICTURE. But, you know, we are not. If we are the Master of Ceremonies, we can get Tina to envoke art on record. We also get our own. Thus with Tina's PLAYING and us PLAYING we have strophophonous sound. It is the "primary intuition of the Hindu world-view" that this universe MAYA and MULAKLIC (and of course the stupendous duplicity) is the LILA or PLAY of THE ONE Reality. Enjoy it. She's winking. She has her hand and arm

FEARNOT

(The only occasion I can recall of Jesus saying anything like this was to the thief on the cross. He said, "Today you shall be with me in paradise." Father the offered her here, as it seems, who wholly sincerely promises some reward in heaven? we are left free to speculate some more carnal interpretation like the resurrection body here and now. However, the salient point of this kind of exegesis has been lost on us now for centuries, except a few heretics along the way. Tina's Dance seems to much more powerful PICTURE of the KINGDOM OF THAT IS WITHIN US, than is the Crucified Christ.)

With my camera I was sufficiently legitimized to get as close to the stage as one could get. Elevated to the level of my teeth, I could have chewed it! The stage was Oday's. It revolved like a Giant Lamp Susan. Spots him from all four corners of the Pavilion, which were the corners because the stage was round. I am thankful that the stage revolved! It embellished the sense of magic trickery in the "now you see it, now you don't" kind of fun. It was a giant stage: good thinking-matter for the mind of which is three times bigger than *any other kind* of mind. With the four corner spots and the revolving center of the stage, it was the exact image of the Mandala: the HINDU MAP OF THE WORLD.

While Tina revolved by me -- sometimes only a few inches away from my head -- I inspected the exact hips image which describes the BLACK GODDESS KALI, one with legs "like the stretched-out trunk of elephant."

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If the image of "elephantine legs" disturbs you, is it perhaps because you are weak-minded? Looking at my film again it is very apparent to me how essential a BIG-BRAIN is to TINA'S DANCING. It is our "elephantine brain" which gives us both an infinite repertory of gestures and the capacity to control and even inhibit those gestures. I am not tricking you with some forcefully extended analogy when I point out how much the culturist enthusiasm of TINA'S DANCING (and her three dances) is based on much like high formalized Hindu dancing. Many of the specific gestures differ but with both dances you are given an intense impression of the body as an uncanny assemblage of interacting planes doing things it was not meant to do. "Meant to do", of course, is another kind of NATURAL prejudice. Like short hair and shoes.

big minds:

BIG-MINDS. It is BIG MINDS that have VISIONS. It is BIG MINDS that are "mild and bewitched". Even St. Paul said something about "FOOL FOR CHRIST". Now St. Paul lived in a world when Christians were not popular, and the "historical Christ" was still being created by imprecisearies like himself. Whoever manages the IKE AND TINA TURNER REVIEW - and most likely it's Tina's "husband" Ike - has the great soul-sense of theatre. Someone define "soul" as 95% showmanship...

THIS WORLD IS NOTHING BUT HER PLAY.
Then WHY, does this BLISSFUL ONE cause a CURF in it?
She has BESTOWED on me this MIND.
And with a KNOWING WINK OF HER EYE
BIDDEN ME, at the SAME TIME, to go and
ENJOY THE WORLD.

the act:

Tina's ACT begins with a very lengthy invocation by an MC that travels with them. (The same one you hear on the record, I suspect.) And it ends with his repeating over and over - as a cloud of CO2 envelops the troupe - TINA! TINA! TINA! TINA! TINA! TINA! TINA!

....CHANTS HER NAME AGAIN AND AGAIN.....

The CENTER of the ACT is in the center of the PICTURE, with the ILLUSION-RODGER - Tina Turner - moving in and out of control, the PICTURE of "living dangerously", while the MONA-MAYA is at the same time creating and destroying the entire universe of illusion... sucking it in and blowing it out alone detached and looking at the PICTURE outside. If it then occurs to us that SOMETHING IS BEING HIDDEN, it is ourselves. It's such a weary irony by now that we are hidden. And we alone creating and destroying the goddess. But, you know, it's understandable that we are overexposed. Sometimes it's a whisper, sometimes a screaming roar. Sometimes it's a twinkler from the stage. And sometimes it's shouted from the mountain tops. But it doesn't seem to make much difference. So what? "So what?" exactly? What we overhear is the brief visit of a god for seconds only each week-end. Say, on Saturdays. The rest of the week we go PLAYING WITH PICTURES. We have been bidden "TO GO AND ENJOY THIS WORLD". And on Saturdays, for seconds, clear light frameless and ineffable.

I'm reminded of the strip-tease when the dancer sheds her last one by one as the greedy men keep shouting... "more! more!". When at last all the veils are on the floor and the dancer stands naked the men continue to shout for "MORE! MORE!" The pulsated dancer insists "That's all there is, boys, there ain't no more." But the Known always implies the Unknown: the Revealed the Hidden.

lines & curves:

A MORPHOMETAPHORICAL examination of Tina Turner's dance must include some description of her BODY: those planes that stack-up and shake like steps in an earthquake. These planes or body-parts have an arbitrary alliance: There is, again, really no "describing" them. Tina Turner's body will frustrate and even offend the fanatically single-minded WEAK HEAD. In fact, it's a very unfunctional body. This is not so with a fat or a skinny body. A fat body is all curves as a skinny body is all lines. The former is made for rolling, and the latter for standing. TINA TURNER'S BODY INVOLVES the impossible to delimit INTERPLAY OF LINE AND CURVE. It is a body perfectly suited for DANCING. This is because it is an IDEAL HUMAN BODY.

(I am not avoiding the issue of why one culture thinks this body beautiful and another that. I am not even thinking of beautiful bodies, but about IDEAL HUMAN BODIES)



The hairlessness of the human body enhances the sense of a sense organ. "It also makes all body parts > the skin over our several bones and muscles > of special interest." The range of gestures our bodies are capable of far exceeds that of any other species. A GESTURE IS A PHYSICAL ACT WITH SYMBOLIC EXTENTIONS. As we attend to the exquisitely involved movement of skin across her shoulders, we are alive to her gestures here & now with us. And so it very simply follows that it is just like Tina Turner's that can best play on through the interplay of human gestures: the ever destroyed and ever-recreated infinite list of illusions. LINE AND CURVE IN MUSICAL AMUSEMENT will not allow any particular gesture to stay fixed too long. The figures and the sounds are being continually traded off for one another. ALL she is ever destroying and recreating MAYA. Her dance is the INBREATHING AND OUTBREATHING of the universe. The INBREATHING is in TINA'S ONE RHYTHM: the rhythmic breathing, such as in a cat's tight teeth. The OUTBREATHING is like the CURVE: making everything... - blowing it out like a balloon. The ONE RHYTHM is the DANCE: every PART of the universe - Morphematically every Body Part - the quick and eternal succession of being Fat and Thin.

the waster

Unlike the cave paintings practically all the sculpted remains of the Paleolithic period are of women, and specifically all of these naked. Men have always been more two-dimensional than women. The bodies are sculpted quite crudely, and involve the exaggeration of some body-parts over others: frequently, the sexual organs. Here is a little story about how BEAUTY came into the life of man. It bears some resemblance to the Old Testament Story of the Tower of Babel.

...When people walked on all fours there was no beauty, but when man stood up there was. For when man stood up woman did too, of course, and exactly at the same time. This meant that there were no more genitals for man to see except his own, for women soon tired of bending over for man to look. Now since man was pleased to look at genitals - back then - he began to look about the woman's body for them. He searched and he searched, soon he believed - having nothing else to believe in - that woman's genitals must look something like his own, so he concentrated on whatever part of the woman's body might resemble his. And at about the same time he first made clay and stone figures, or women with their parts much bigger than they really were, women, which he had plainly seen. Now since one pack considered the breasts of woman to be their best genital newly found they caused their women to hold their shoulders back. Another pack thought the woman's genitals must be where they sit on. So, they especially liked women with big bottoms, and so on... All in all men were so upset over the lot of the woman's genitals that all of mankind - every pack - was restrained under a general law that forbade hunting down this thing. This means, at the same time, in all the packs a strange development occurred. Women were no longer allowed to stand over to pickup sticks either for play or for fire. For what they revealed only then was thought to be peculiarly ugly: even mysterious. So woman was encouraged to wear things: that is, anything that would enhance what any particular pack considered beautiful: the woman's oblique breasts, the woman's male-like hips and so forth. This all means the same thing as should a man in any of these packs desire a woman: it was required that he protect her from her ugliness by making the most of her beauty. In one pack this meant that man could not desire a woman unless her neck was a foot long! In another her breasts must be at least thirty-six inches around. Only then could men feel that they could safely enter into a woman's ugliness and even then they would do it quickly avoiding injury is much as possible.

THE MORAL: BEAUTY IS A WAY OF KEEPING SEX BOTH IN THE GENITALS AND UGLY AT THE SAME TIME. Such is the great waste of beauty.



TINA TURNER AS
HINDU WORLD
MAP

in shape:

Ah of this preaching about MATA and DIVINE MADNESS is only an advertisement for PHYSICAL FITNESS. BEAUTY, the fickle squander of the humanity have lost in it. Forget beauty, and conserve human values. Erect in yourself and for yourself as many PICTURES of full and exuberant display as you can. This is the ONE AND ONLY TRUE RELIGION. Come on, who says it is not so FIDEL. Tell him to go and prove their beauty with mannerisms and masses. Then live the RELIGION OF THE RESURRECTED BODY NOW. THE BODY THAT IS IN SHAPE, ALL BODY PARTS EQUALLY EMERGING. No tyrannies. THE MANY GESTURES OF SKIN MUSCLE AND BONE IN ONE RHYTHM!

TINA
TURNER
AS PUGET SOUND





HELIX

WOMEN'S SECTION

roxie grant: special consultant

An intelligent woman's guide to revolution . . .

Stephanie Coontz is a name that first became known to many of us in connection with the invasion of Fort Lewis which took place last summer. The publicized purpose of that invasion was to free the Army which was being held captive against it's will at the fort. While that goal was not achieved, Miss Coontz did succeed in bringing her views and the views of her associates about the war and about the army to public attention. Now Stephanie, a graduate student in History at the UW, is involved in a new venture: bringing democracy to the campus. Operating within the Student Mobilization Committee she hopes to enable the students of the University to work together determining the destiny of the school and ultimately of our society. She characterizes herself as a typical history of the new left, having been involved in the HUAC hassle and then the Free Speech Movement at Berkley, having moved from liberal to radical.

Condor Hall had the chance to hear Stephanie rap all of this for herself when he interviewed her in her home recently. His conclusion: she is an extremely dedicated revolutionary with a pragmatic approach, a keen mind, and a fantastic recipe for barbecue chicken. Listen:

CH: Stephanie, let's start with something basic. What is the SMC?

SC: Nationally, the SMC is made up of individuals and cooperating groups with different political perspectives who agree on two basic themes: the war must end now, and the way to achieve that goal is through a mass movement. Our goals are represented in three slogans: "Immediate nonconditional withdrawal from Vietnam," "Self-determination for Vietnam and third world Americans," and "End campus complicity with the war". We see the war as a magnifying glass for society's faults. You can see our racism in the casualty rates. But the war is still the central focus of our efforts. There are plenty of other multi-issue groups for people to join, and we would like to work with them. We are really a bridge for all the war opponents.

CH: How strong is the SMC on the national level?

SC: It is a tremendous upsurge, as are all antiwar efforts. We have added 35,000 new members in the last month alone. There are fifteen new chapters in the Boston area, and even in Spokane there are new chapters at three or four of the colleges. The antiwar movement is constantly reaching new layers of the population, union, church, and GIs.

CH: What is happening in the SMC on the local level?

SC: We are about a month and a half old. We are attempting to tie in with the national goals and to support the Fall anti-war offensive. We are building for the Fall actions beginning with the October 15 moratorium and the November 14 student strike. We are also concerned with the November 15 march in San Francisco and Washington DC. WE are organizing a car pool and busses to take people from this area to SF for the march. WE hope to send 2,000 people to SF. One of our main concerns is campus complicity with the war. We think students have a right to decide on that issue. We have discovered a provision of the articles of incorporation of the ASUW which allows us to call a mass meeting of the students to vote on these issues by getting 5% of the student body to sign a petition. But let me emphasize that we hope for this meeting to be a first democratic mass meeting of the students. We will have microphones on the floor and invite everyone to participate. In fact, we intend to call every student on the telephone and tell them about the meeting so that all the students have a chance to attend and be heard.

CH: What is the SMC going to propose as the agenda for this meeting?

SC: We want to vote on military recruiting on campus, military research at the university, ROTC, and support for the Fall actions. Of course, we expect that others will present other motions from the floor. We would like to do away with the President's veto power and elect a commission to implement the decisions of the meeting. The commission should be granted a budget and be elected from the floor.

CH: Don't you think the present Board of Control is capable of carrying out the wishes of the meeting?

SC: The BOC is not elected on an issue oriented basis. The proposed commission would have a specific mandate to effect the changes decided upon at the meeting.

CH: Is SDS actively supporting your effort?

SC: The SMC is a non-exclusionary group; we welcome anyone who is willing to work with us against the war, and we hope that SDS will join us. In the past, however, SDS has criticized our actions on the grounds that we are "not anti-imperialist enough." I fail to see what can more "anti-imperialist" than building a mass movement against an imperialist war, while that war is in progress. You know, I think that SDS has very much in common with the liberals who supported McCarthy. I think that their ultra-leftism and the opportunism of the liberals are 2 sides of the same coin. Both sides are looking for a shortcut to revolution, through the tactics of mass movement like McCarthy type through which we could change things by just replacing one individual. This would save a lot of work, because we could just saunter over to the polls once every 4 years and everything would be OK. But that's not enough. We have to replace all the corrupt institutions in this society; we have to smash all the old state apparatus, which was geared to war and exploitation. That's a harder process than just electing a "good guy" to office.

The SDSers are also looking for a short cut. They attempt to replace the strategy of building a mass revolutionary movement with the tactics which may or may not be used by that movement. They elevate tactics to the height of a principle. They act as if sit-ins, confrontations, battles with the cops are in-and-of-themselves revolutionary; actually they are only revolutionary when they increase peoples' consciousness and recruit more people to the struggle against this system. The SDS, for example, has refrained from participating in the antiwar movement, and has counterposed to that movement the idea of building demonstrations around "anti-imp." slogans. But that too is looking for a short cut. There's no slogan that is always and everywhere revolutionary. And there's certainly no slogan which will educate people in one blow about imperialism and capitalism. It takes a long, hard struggle around specific demands to do that. Demands like "Bring the boys home now," or, in 1917, like "Peace, land and bread." I'm sure that if there had been any SDSers in Russia they would have called Lenin a reformist for raising that slogan.

CH: How do we go about building a better world?

SC: I am a revolutionary socialist. I believe that capital leads to imperialist wars, fosters racism and puts property values above human ones. Ultimately the only cure for racism and sexism is to abolish the system which creates them. This doesn't mean that we can't or shouldn't fight for reforms; it just recognizes that those reforms won't be sufficient. I guess one of the 1st things which made me stop subscribing to the "whoops" theory of history - the idea that Vietnam is just a mistake - was that I sat down and analyzed the "free world" which "world" the U.S. is sworn to protect. The "free world" includes So. Africa, Rhodesia, Portugal, Angola, fascist Spain, the military coup in Greece, and so forth. The only freedom which those countries have in common has nothing to do with the conditions of their inhabitants, it is the freedom for the U.S. to invest, to take out raw materials, to build bases. The Vietnam war is part of a pattern of U.S. imperialism, and to destroy that pattern I believe we have to change the American system. This I have in common with many socialists. The discussion develops when we discuss the strategy for changing the system.

As I've said, I don't think there's any substitute for a mass movement, but I don't believe in the *dictum* of spontaneity which some radicals have. I believe we have

to work out an analysis of how to change society, then work out the tactics which follow from that analysis, and then carry out the strategy we have arrived at. To do this, we need to develop a "cadre" of people who have a firm grasp of theory and who will train themselves to put that theory into practice, to intervene in the mass movement with their ideas and practice. It's going to be too late to develop those theories and those skills once the revolution has started. We have to begin working it out now.

CH: Do you think we are in a revolutionary period in this country today?

SC: No, we are in a preparatory period which is the reason that debate and testing has to begin now. The basic mistake of analysis that much of the New Left makes is to confuse this period with fascism. In a way that is wishful thinking because fascism is so black and white. You know when it is time to pick up your guns. But in actuality this system maintains it's hold on the majority of the people through illusion. For example, the bank teller who makes \$300 a month says "we're going to have a new president in Teopaka." Who are we? The teller opens his safe. Very few in this nation have a vested interest. 1.2% of the people control over 87% of the corporate wealth. But the people have illusions that the system is looking out for them. Our task then is to break these illusions, to expose the system for what it really is. And what flows from that analysis is the idea that you have to have a transitional program to raise slogans which seem reasonable to which people can relate and in the struggle for which people learn things about the system. For example the SDS says to GIs "Turn your guns around" which is absurd. Most GIs cannot relate to that. Even those who can are hardly going to do it. I would counterpose this slogan: Free Speech for GIs. That sounds eminently reasonable. The first amendment doesn't exclude GIs. But the Army, so long as it is fighting an imperialistic undemocratic war cannot grant that very simple, basic demand. So, you can bring people into the struggle around such a demand. GIs will find out in the course of that struggle why their free speech can't be granted. That destroys a number of illusions about the system.



CH: Let us turn now to your invasion of Fort Lewis. How did that idea come about?

SC: My roommate and I got drunk one night. We saw an ad in a comic book for a tank. We thought of filling it with leaflets and firing it on Fort Lewis. With each beer the idea got better and better.

CH: What was the real purpose of the invasion?

SC: We felt that the provocations of the Washington DC army and the United States, the political arm of the DC, were more than the peace-loving students of the UW could tolerate. They had infiltrated the campus with a front organization, ROTC, (we have captured documents showing they were connected with the DC army and even attended DC camps in the summer) They had established a supply route down the Oregon Trail along which they infiltrated many men and pieces of equipment. And as if that were not enough, concentration camps had been established only forty miles from our shores where they had 40,000 prisoners. They called it Fort Lewis. We decided that in the name of honor and humanity we must defeat the DC aggressors. If we had not fought them at the shores of Fort Lewis we would have had to do so on the shores of Lake Union. Even if it became necessary to destroy Fort Lewis in order to save it, we would not have shrunk from that task.



LITTLE WOMEN MAKE BIG NOISE

Pauline Riley is an intense, 25-year-old, convent-educated, lady chauvinist. She has the ebony-and-ivory color scheme of the Black Irish, and the flush of emotion that comes and goes upon her pale cheeks makes concentration on what she says difficult. Adding to the difficulty is the petulance of the infant son she refuses to put down, sometimes deftly flinging him a tremendous breast and further dazzling the interviewer. She wears upon her red smock a button of her own design: Co-opt Me Or I'll Wreck You.

P - Damn right I'm a chauvinist. Women have to be superior to men to take what's been laid on them through history. I'm not going to bother giving you a survey of it, which would probably glaze off your bald head anyway. Have you ever considered renting advertising space up there?

H - You shouldn't mock physical defects. There are bald headed women too.

P - Sure, but they have the decency to keep themselves covered. There's no excuse for running around in that obscene manner today.

H - But don't you think conditions have improved for your sex? What about the New Left? Girls seem to have made them more aware of your position.

P - You're really stupid, aren't you? Women earn an average of 53% of men's salaries for identical work. We're hardly considered as equals. The most important breakthrough has been the Post Office, where we've been allowed to carry mail only because men are too lazy to do it. Some segments of the New Left pay a little shame-faced lip service to us, but it galls them terribly. It's obvious they can't understand why we aren't happy licking their envelopes and stoning pigs for them. Men are men, buster, whether they have long hair or crew-cuts.

H - But it's all sort of Victorian and silly, isn't it, running around with signs saying "Men are Beasts" and disrupting perfectly serious and important revolutionary gatherings? Like in Oakland recently where you caused so much trouble the whole thing became chaos and nobody could hear your speech!

P - Precisely! Eggheads you mean. Look, as far as we're concerned, all the signs are wassans. ALL of them. This bullying prejudice permeates world society and we're trying to do something about it NOW. I'll give you some examples of what we put up with. Take the way they name hurricanes. All hurricanes have alphabetical girls' names like Agnes, Betty, Charlotte and so on. That way, the fat-voiced talking heads who do the news can talk about "death-dealing Agnes" roaring around the

Caribbean. If you want some real death dealing nar... why not call them Acheson and Bundy and Churchill? Wouldn't that make a little more sense?" "Narves" are indicative of what I mean. My name is Pauline because my father's name was Paul and he wanted a boy, you know. Have you ever heard of a boy called Elizabeth after his mother? I named my child George Eliot, which is as far as I could dialectically go at this stage of my development.

H - What did his father think?

P - Think? I doubt if he can think. He was one of those beautiful hunks of muscle always combing his hair and sneaking looks at himself in store windows. And I said to him, "Hold onto me as handsome does, let's screw." He could do it, too, when it came to sex, I mean. There's often something wrong with the good-looking ones. Narcissism. I threw him out as soon as I was pregnant. Sex is no problem for a woman, it's always available. I don't like to live with them for long though; they put their feet on everything, eat too much, and fart loudly. It's all part of the mystique, I guess. To wash dishes or swab out the toilet is utterly demeaning. A real castration thing. What if the boys found out? Men are a doggy lot. They hang around in packs. All of them, hip or square, require each other's approval more than anything else. Every intelligent woman I've known has been a loner. There's truth in the feline image. Cats are solitary creatures who don't really trust anything. An intelligent woman usually avoids other women and prefers male company, because women exist in a state of intellectual purdah where its abnormal to be interested in anything but frappery. There's a lot of jealousy directed at the women who sleep with the way out of this code, which only proves that instinctively most women thoroughly resent what has been done to them.

Of course, certain very advanced Left cuties will always have a pet woman around, like a house-nigger. The New York literary group used Mary McCarthy for years and now they've got Pauline Kael and a couple of others. Then there are the Judas-goats like Svetlana Stalin. But even the worst of them, the lady politicians in their big hats, aren't doggy. They won't play the nose-to-tail game. Who would have supposed Betty Furness, who slammed all those refrigerator doors, would fight like hell for the consumer when she got a chance. If you're honest, you'll admit that with political women, principle is more important than joining the club.

H - You don't like dogs much, do you?

P - I think it's nice the kids are all getting dogs. After they're bored, they've got something to eat.

H - Did your convent background have much to do with your attitudes?

P - I think it did. There was tremendous rage expressed in subtle ways there. A lot of contempt for the lives of selfless unselfishness lived by priests. I think the Catholic Church is collapsing as a result of nuns refusing to play the role of medieval slavery. There's no one around to do the dirty work that authoritarianism requires. Now if the housewives and the female lackies in industry would get the message, we'd have a chance. You can snore about Victorian feminism - and you will - but I'd love us to have our own political party. We produce Life and we have a great reverence for it. It would be good if once humanity could vote for life instead of death.

H - But what about Golda Meier, the Lady MacBeth of politics? Madame Nu of the Middle East?

P - They get an Olympic Games salva test before we let them in.

Gene Johnston

HEADLINES & MALE CHAUVINISM BY WALTER CROWLEY



Küche, Kinder, Kirche-sharma: domestic editor

Pancakes, Quick Bread, Muffins

You can make any of these with the same batter. The difference between quick bread and yeast bread is the leavening used. In quick bread use baking powder or soda. If you want to use really coarse ground grains or corn meal you can avoid gritty bread by first mixing 1 cup of boiling water with the coarse flour and covering for 15 minutes to soften it. Then stir until cool and add the other stuff. This recipe is really open to experimentation so feel free.

Basic Quick Bread

1 egg
1 c. milk or water if you use powdered milk add the powder to the dry ingredients
1/4 c. soy, safflower or peanut oil without preservatives (refrigerate oils)

2 c. mixture of flours such as whole wheat, oat meal, corn meal, soy, buckwheat, ground sunflower meal, sesame meal, etc.

2/3 c. honey (omit in herb and vegetable bread)

3 tsp. baking powder

1 tsp. salt

Heat oven to 400 degrees Fahr. Baking tins should be greased and dusted with flour or lined with foil to avoid having any pans to wash. If you use for pancakes add a little more liquid for thinner batter.

Beat egg with a fork and add milk (water) and oil. Add honey. (If it is really thick: thin with a small amount of hot water before adding honey.)

Blend dry ingredients (if boiling water was used to precook coarse flour, now add rest of dry ingredients and stir well) and add to liquids. Stir just enough to moisten flours. Batter should still be slightly lumpy. Quick breads should not be overmixed or they will be tough and have air pockets and tunnels.

At this point you can bake or you can really start improvising. This is a partial list of things you may add, taking into consideration that honey and corn do not go together very well!!:

corn	
apple sauce	molasses
pumpkin	cranberries
raisins	grated orange or lemon peel
dates	bananas
nuts	any kind of grated cheese
cinnamon	chopped ham, bacon, etc.
nutmeg	mashed or chopped potatoes
caraway seeds	chives
sesame seeds	t'vme

HAVE FUN - BE FREE!

Next week! The review of "Alice's Restaurant Cookbook" by Alice May Brock. Watch for it!

REAL WEST



BY FRANK CHIN

Holy odd's come to town with a whole passle of films for the kids to geewhiz. Having gotten the big news off the talkshows and out of the trade papers' bodycount that kids like semi-articulate awkward heroes who do things to songs, anti-establishment types with something of the Old West about them, big and little producers have crossed their fingers, zapped life into and sent out into the world, various sure-fire, up-to-date, bound-to-please mixtures of BONNIE AND CLYDE, THE GRADUATE, every western ever made, and flooded the New Generation with semi-rumblings of the good old days.

Then, on the gallop of two hundred horses, comes Dennis Hopper's EASY RIDER. Just in time. Almost too late. To the rescue.

Shot in the West, descended from the Westerns of John Ford, A lead character with a knowing silence named Wyatt. (What a name that Wyatt is echoing through the heat of the Southwestern Noon.) Wyatt, played by Peter Fonda, son of Henry the white-hatted, goodguy of a thousand John Ford and William Wellman Westerns, including MY DARLING CLEMENTINE, was the mysterious stranger on horseback. The saddle-tramp-jobless-noble-bum, quietly lazy and quick on the draw fellow, nobody messed with. Always of the land and belonging to it. More than the townspeople, the schoolmarm, the society, and the forces of civilization that wanted to possess and corrupt him, the Westerner was part of and belonged to the land. All of it. His powerfully slow, gentle yet violent, existence was translation of the country's spirit. The town, wanting to buy his guns and his power, were out to conquer the land, fight it, subdue it. The rider only rode. Riding dramatized his promiscuous relationship with the air and the earth.

The story of Daddy Fonda going bad (and to think this is the guy who played the mythic Honest Abe of the American Dream in Ford's YOUNG MR. LINCOLN) with tobacco juice dribbling down his chin and cold, cold wool covering the grays of his body, and hand so idiosyncratically raised the forty-four to blow a seven-year-old kid to bits, seems to speak of the way the kid down his bottle of milk, and how this archetypal good guy godson has been redeemed by his son. Peter, notable for playing the parts of heads, up to now, in EASY RIDER is a little Greek in its outlines. Complete with irony and vengence play. It might constitute an international parable, truth stranger than fiction, in-depth character piece about the generation gap, the theory of evolution, child-rearing, the power of heredity, the re-invention of cultural verities by succeeding generations.

Here is Peter Fonda, the son who in an Esquire Magazine article, HELDEN CAUL FIELD AT TWENTY SI VEN, being very Piscean and semi-nude, laid his father deep under pounds of ridicule, badmouth and the memoirs of a miserable child. When he granted Rex Reed that interview, he was working on EASY RIDER with Dennis Hopper. Meaning that on the same sunny day, he sat around his swimming pool painting evil



PICTORIAL



portraits of his father, he was using a name his father had used and preserving a tradition his father had helped establish. For Peter Fonda has taken over the same Old West that his father once stalked. And just as quietly, with the same stance and walk, the same shoulders, the same easy slowness, Wyatt is the son of Wyatt. The name has echoes in it.

Dennis Hopper, the director and other star, last seen with his fingers cut off and dead in TRITON GRIT, under the mad one-eye of an eye-patched John Wayne. After holing up in the hybrid Western world of motorcycle gangsters that pushed sex and violence in favor of riding in moving intimacy with the country, Peter Fonda, star of WILD ANGELS, and Dennis Hopper, blinking lunatic mad dog killer biker of THE GLORY STORMERS, have teamed up to ride the West. The oldest, most relevant freshest Western movies have ever known.

The West is the American dream. The West of the quintessential revolutionary, the congenital social dropout. Often known only by the name of a place, a town, an animal, a color, or just plain, "Kid."

Sometimes, a name, like SHANE. But always the mysterious stranger on horseback. The saddle-tramp-jobless-noble-bum, quietly lazy and quick

on the draw fellow, nobody messed with. Always of the

land and belonging to it. More than the townspeople,

the schoolmarm, the society, and the forces of civilization

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the earth.



The Western hero is never more heroic and grand than in the wide shots of him - a small, rhythmic thing - riding. His movement makes us aware of the land as something beautiful and alive, and the vastness and massiveness of the land, the space and stillness in which he is moving make him appear strong. This is the romance of the West and the essence of the Western. Out to make Westerns are or relevant or suitable for grownups. But they lost them hold on the Western. The only vestige of the classic Western romance that was American was the Madison Avenue created myth of MARLBORO COUNTRY and THE MARLBORO MAN.

The Marlboro Man - like the term Western - represented a mysterious quality inside meant the dream of freedom; potent self-sufficiency, and didn't identify a particular man. However, one man's face and body more than any other came to be associated with "The Marlboro Man" label. Roy N. Sicker, an Arizona born, ranch-reared, Hollywood stuntman, model and bit

player. Sicker, THE Marlboro Man is the monument to the Western style of slovenly men, on and off the television screen.

Looking completely flaked out and altogether at the same time, sloppy and dignified, intelligent, gentle, mindless and paranoid, he not only had the face and body, the exterior, but apparently the glowing inner spirituality or romantic nature of the Westerner. He's sold a lot of cigarettes to kids, motorcycle gangs, and men of all ages wanting a transition of Marlboro MAC HISMIE. Sicker drinks coffee from chipped emerald metal cups. He likes to drink beer with a straw in his bar. He's an animal for sticking out from the insiders of his locker. He's the height of a certain kind of low fashion and the embodiment of the natural man. This man, the Marlboro Man, Roy N. Sicker, who almost single-handedly kept a spark of the Western myth alive in America, is the same Roy N. Sicker who wrote the original story to and associates produced THE WILD BUNCH, Sam Peckinpah's latest film that ignobly tries to shoot down Westerns. (Richard Schickel, resident asshole at LIFE magazine, says almost rightly, that THE WILD BUNCH brings the Western up-to-date, that Peckinpah has made the Western form relevant to modern times. In one way, he has. He's taken the venerable "Code of the West" that was beautiful in the west of the Classic Western and applied it to real men in a real world where it became

Westerns. (Richard Schickel, resident asshole at LIFE magazine, says almost rightly, that THE WILD BUNCH brings the Western up-to-date, that Peckinpah has made the Western form relevant to modern times. In one way, he has. He's taken the venerable "Code of the West" that was beautiful in the west of the Classic Western and applied it to real men in a real world where it became

In THE MAGNIFICENT SEVEN, a fairly decent Western by Preston Sturges, there's a scene where the young would-be gunman is saying how the gunfighters really have it made, it's really a good life to be able to go anywhere you want and not have obligations, debts and bosses. The gunfighters consider this an advantage. "No women, no friends..." and so on. None of the really good things that you as I enjoy like home, love, pets. All that they do without in THE MAGNIFICENT SEVEN only serves to make them appear more magnificent. They are supermen who live and die in a realm that is beyond the pettiness of human needs. They only say that they don't have women, friends, homes, etc. They don't say they want all that stuff or need it, and we know that they don't.

THE WILD BUNCH demonstrates that there are good reasons why gunfighters, in the real world, don't have all the good stuff...partially it's because they don't want it, but it's also due to the fact that they're too stupid, narrow-minded, humorless and maniacal to appreciate their lack of or need for anything but people to shoot at and things to be held up. They're obsessed with living up to a code that demands that they be killed. This aspect of the Code of the West is clear in the hush and massive stillness with Bige Bishop (William Holden) has shot the Mexican general and subdued the whole Mexican Army. He and his men have won, but winning is not their aim. Their time is past. Even dying a violent death doesn't guarantee them legendary status. Not in this part of the 20th Century. Being buried with gun-a-blazing is more important than dying slowly in a world that is actively forgetting you with the passing of each day. So Pike starts the Mexicans shooting at him by cold-bloodedly shooting a few of them

Peckinpah shows the consequences of following too seriously a code no one ever took seriously in the real world, so his movie is a powerful, moral comment on something no one seriously believed in...it would seem.

Roy N. Sicker, who wrote the original story, at least knows that he should know better than take the Code of the West seriously, because that's the message of the

film. But in spite of what he wrote and the message of the film being spelled out to men again, and again, by critics across the country, the Marlboro Man believes, really sincerely believes, in all that Code of the West Bullshit. He buys into the part. He does it because man's masculine flesh is stronger than the strongest boore. He sexes hard and callously too because women exist only to prove that he's a man down there with his thing. And he looks steely-eyed into the dawn, into the sunset, into the sky beyond the horizon, a Marlboro in his mouth; his prick drawn, his Cold Army single six .45 all straight out and aimed at the heart of fate and Destiny "out there" and will throughout his life, "do what a man has got to do."

The critics deplore the violence in THE WILD BUNCH but laud its attempt at moral comment, no matter that the comment is pretentious simple-minded. The attempt at comment makes the film relevant. What the critics don't realize is that Leone's Westerns, more than Peckinpah's have made the Western

relevant to modern times. From Akira Kurosawa's Yojimbo, Leone made FISTFUL OF DOLLARS and sharply clarified Kurosawa's innovation of the Hero of No Name. Leone's society is split about individuality, worried about the loss of individuality, worried about being turned into a number and forgotten as a human being, worried about community, the anonymous man, the man with no name, as a symbol of potency is a marvelous innovation. Here's a guy who is completely himself. People recognize him by his qualities, by the force, knowledge and terrorfulness he communicates by his mere existence. Not by any name. The man with no name is not bound. He is irrelevant to society, better than society, and has the power to influence society. There's always been a little of him in every western, but now he's out there all by himself. A nameless force. A presence.

He is also present in an earlier Kurosawa film that influenced the course of the modern western. Straight from Japan without Italian translation, THE SEVEN SAMURAI. In this film Toshio Mifune has no name. He is called Kikuchiyo because "there's nothing else to call him." "What's your real name?" a samurai asks him. "I've forgotten it," Mifune answers.

THE SEVEN SAMURAI became THE MAGNIFICENT SEVEN, THE RETURN OF THE MAGNIFICENT SEVEN, THE DIRTY DOZEN, THE DEVIL'S BRIGADE (these being films that turned WW II Europe into a mythical extension of the mythical West) and GUNS OF THE MAGNIFICENT SEVEN. Western movies that push the group as here. The communal here. Another kind of potent anonymity. Here the individuals, each powerful, gives up his identity to become something greater with the group.

THE SEVEN SAMURAI also served to inspire all of American International's Hells Angels movies. It's not the attitude toward violence, the depiction of gore or the degree of realism that makes these Westerns more relevant than others; it's the re-definition of the classic Westerner into terms that directly affect our vision of ourselves.



In our crowded and paranoid world we need an escapist art form that appeals to our anarchistic fantasies, our senses of secret identity in such a way that it still speaks to the world in which we live and its problems of identity, security, honor, and personal dignity. The old westerns don't work anymore. The old variously nicknamed heroes appear quaint.

The "adult Western" pushing Hollywood psychological theory and social responsibility are so obviously disguised message films that they can't be taken seriously as good Westerns. To try to add a social message and a near moral to the Western is to say that the Western is not itself an art form. The result is something like HIGH NOON and 3:10 TO YUMA, in-fiction Westerns and ONE MAN'S FAMILY home on the range or the stage account, WILL PENNY and the STALKING MOON, films that are embarrassingly and self-consciously out to comment art. As if it needed by Arthur Miller, at his most pretentious, these two films set out to prove with authentic language from the period and historical veracity that the common man of the West, underneath the bear grease and scabs, is Robert



Frost: Dialogue is poetry.

Sergio Leone's man of no name is a guy I can identify with immediately. He could care less about progress, the course of civilization, work, money, most women, home, settling down, down-payments on a late model horse, clothes...all the material things of the world and society itself. The Western's vision of society and civilization has always been hostile. They're destructive, corrupt and monstrous. Society is greedy, selfish, and sooner or later drives us West. Society is a bunch of killas, or trying to turn the Nobodies into Somethings. He says his people say, "I am Nobody and you better not fuck with me." Society, Civilization takes this as a challenge and sets out to absorb or kill him. Nobody is a big man in the Western. Alone or as part of the communal here, he appeals to kids. Leone's films are big among Black Panthers and Orientals, who've been taught that being nobody is undesirable. These new Westerns are a kind of spiritual hymn and political anthem. Nobody can have dignity and potency. This is the opposite of what society says. The Westerns have always pushed the opposite of what society says and offered a vision of personal worth to shiftless nowhere Nobodies like you and me.

One of the reasons for the Western film falling into Italian hands was that the American made westerns were taken indoors by directors too old and tired to go outside anymore. Westerns without the visible relationship of man and the landscape changed scale, became psychological solo operas, ceased being Westerns. Sergio Leone took the Western back outdoors in a classic big way. He refined the style the themes and the character of the Westerner. Nothing else could be done, it seemed. But EASY RIDER has refined the Western even more and invested the American West of Today with the romance of a West that never was.

In Sergio Leone's THE GOOD, THE BAD, AND THE UGLY, Tuco (Eli Wallach), tears several pistols apart and from the parts, proceeds to make his own gun. He heats receivers, rolls cylinders, peers down rifled barrels and makes a machine of destruction so unique that The Man of No Name (Clint Eastwood) knows Tuco is in town by recognizing the sound of his gun firing. "Every gun sings its own song," he says and goes looking for Tuco. The relationship between the gunman and his gun is the perfect man/machine relationship. A man is as good as his gun and vice versa. In EASY RIDER, the motorcycles are both the guns and the mounts of the Westerners. Machine/animal things that have characters of their own endow their characters to their makers, their riders.

More than in any Western before it, EASY RIDER bald-facedly exposes the religious content of the sentimentality, romance and mystery that made the Western at worst shoddy and ridiculous and at best great

fun socially and personally inspiring. "A man has got to do what a man has got to do," isn't a line of dialogue in this film. It's never said outright, but it's there. In this film, it's a challenge.

Crossing the Southwest, Wyatt (Peter Fonda) is a kind of beatific Stan Laurel to Dennis Hopper's underworld Oliver Hardy. Together they make up a kind of Chinaman. They're really simple people, moments of religious import. Dennis Hopper is caught up short to say grace. In a cave, he is asked to be polite to the dead on whose bones he's sitting. At a commune, his way is barred by a cross. Robert Walker gives a passionate and simple prayer after planting and before eating. Then prays with his body as he goes through the movements of the Tai chi. Fonda and Hopper are crossing the country to Mardi Gras. There's an acid trip in a graveyard loaded with whores and religious symbolism.

In the South in Hell, a couple of rednecks playing with a shotgun accidentally blast Dennis Hopper off his bike. They go a ways then one says, "Maybe we should go back." They turn around and go back, not to help, but to shoot the only witness, Peter Fonda. It's between Mardi Gras and Easter. Wyatt's stars and stripes bike runs off by itself to crash and burn. Fonda has said of their journey, "We blew it." Thus, leaving us with the obligatory unanswered question demanded of every religious parable: What did they blow? And Dennis Hopper threatening a second coming, or being futilely optimistic, has given the last words spoken in the film, "I'll get 'em." And, significantly perhaps, we remember that at the communion, Wyatt was given a flat oblong stone and told, "When you find yourself in a quartered this." The stone is unquartered. They're dead. Their names, Wyatt and Billy, may not even be their real names, but merely the names they've used in a moment of play.

continued on page 18



continued from page 17

Thus, we're left with the most ritualistically constructed Western ever made. It began with a kind of original sin, buying and selling smack, and ended as a kind of Western Hippie Passion Play. We're also left with beautifully conceived images of the riding man's speeding relationship with the land and the most brutal vision of society and civilization as killer seen since YOJIMBO. Some might say that the portrayal of society in general, and the South in particular as a wanton, conscienceless, murderer is too harsh and merely a kid's paranoid way of dignifying his non-conformity. According to TIME magazine of October 19, 1969, the motorcycle Western has become "a recent vision of society and particularly the South as a pure terror." Seven hippies were recently shotgunned from a moving car and hospitalized, only to have police drag six of them to jail for disturbing the peace. So far, no shooting suspects have been arrested.

That was just one of several incidents TIME reported

from Atlanta in a story called THE GREAT HIPPIE HUNT. In the Westers, a man gets mad and says, "A man has got to do what a man has got to do." It's silly. A cliché. But this movie, EASY RIDER, ends with us angry, pissed off, raging and wanting very badly to do something, needing to do something. Something with a vengeance. Our real anger makes the cliché real, no less ridiculous - but very real.

Now comes a sombre gratitude for all the fun of Westerns. I've had and a little understanding as to why the Panthers and the Guards are so often at the drive-in, whooping it up with Sergio Leone. Westerns, though fantasies and fairy tales, glorifying men we can never be, serve to arm our spirits against the monstrous brutality of the civilization that hates men, hates the land, hates America the Country, and America the dream.

The critics deplore the violence and gore of the modern westerns and ridicule the modern Westerner's growing lack of explicable motivation and his apparent lack of communicative impulse. They miss the shuck and jive about the stranger's guns blasting a path for civilization

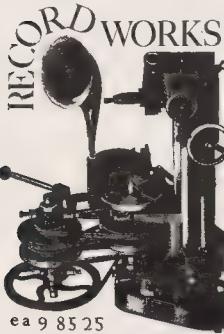
that made the westerner's guns socially acceptable. The westerns have changed, become more pure and explicit in response to changes in the world. In a real world that's forgotten that in the theoretical social contract, the individual - not his society - is the primary party; a world that from the evidence of the big news and barbershop gossip has become indifferent, if not outright hostile, to the individual. We dream of a way to be strong and honorably live in an unspeakably obscene society.

The Western is that dream. It's a pleasant dream for all its terror. But the terror - the real terror - is that the quick on the trigger Southerners that killed the two men in EASY RIDER, the real Southerners shooting up hippies in Atlanta, love westerns as much as anybody, and draw strength from them. That as you and me in mounting our and bringing America to life in the speed of our bikes and the flight of our long hair, minding our own business, are "doing what a man has got to do," so are they in pulling the trigger.

Frank Chin

18

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CO-OP

NEWS

Not much lately: a couple new films in and a general settling down of activity. A couple of weeks ago you may

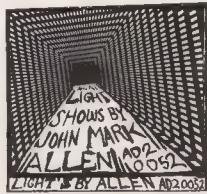
have seen us the electronic lexitive in King's magazine show. If not, just as well. Then the Saturday before last we had a second screening with success and the following Sunday the Steering Committee held its first official gathering. One of the highlights of the screening was the ludicrous puppet show film from Will Baker and Reed College, sponsored (but not recommended) by the Rockefeller Foundation. Sunday's Steering Committee meeting provided us a chance to view all the films in our library and settle rent with Jim Osteen from the

Harvard Exit. Also, if anybody can dig writing a script on environmental pollution, population explosion crisis or

ecological problems (for money) then do this: write out either a full script or film treatment and send it to Eric Hutchinson, 1125 Denny Building, 2200 - 6th Ave., Seattle 98121. It can be any length between 15 and 60 minutes. Call Eric with your questions: MU2-2143.

Lately, things have been rather quiet. Dave MacDonald has started two of the Co-op classes through the experimental College and we're in the final stages of getting the brochure printed, so you can look forward to that little addition to your mail collection. If you don't already have a mail collection, get one today by joining the Coop (still on the second floor of the Harvard Exit, 807 E. Roy). Come up any day (Mark's always there) and rap with us and find out about all the neat things you get free or call EA 9-7975 and see if I gave you the right number.

John Bartlett



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photo
alan



Friday, October 24

U.F.O. (documentary)
5,000,000 Years to Earth
Broken Land

Saturday, October 25

Kenner - Jim Brown
Shenandoah - James Stewart

Sunday, October 26

The Green Slime (science fiction)
Heaven with a Gun - Glenn Ford

Monday, October 27

Tennessee Beat (country music)
Desperado Trail - western

Tuesday, October 28

Challenge for Robin Hood
These Thousand Hills - Don Murray

Wednesday, October 29

King of the Kyber Rifles
Sierra Baron

Thursday, October 30

The Group
A Time for Killing (western)

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POP OEUVRES

contemporaries being seriously interested. The records, to some, might be fun in a one-night-stand sort of way, but so long as we've got the Beatles and the Stones, Dylan and the Flying Burritos, Elvis and Jerry Lee Lewis, Blind Faith and Crosby, Stills, Nash AND Young, like, who cares about "Inka Dinka Doo" and "Tip-toe through the Tulips"? (Pace, Tiny Tim.)

More interesting to me are two Decca records of film excerpts: W.C. Fields, THE ORIGINAL VOICE TRACKS FROM HIS GREATEST MOVIES (DL 79164) and the Marx Bros., THE ORIGINAL VOICE TRACKS FROM THEIR GREATEST MOVIES (DL 79168). Listening to the Marx Bros., it's quite clear that their mile-a-minute madcap humor, sparked by the Great Groucho, was a major source for Laugh-In's overpowering em brand of entertainment. Laugh-In is a poor copy, but the Marx Bros themselves don't come off well on record - they must be seen as well as heard.

More successful sight-unseen is my all time favorite comic figure, the incomparable, irreparable, W.C. Fields. I'm not going to talk about the record - who am I, a mere mortal, to attempt to describe or justify God? If you're not into the Old Reprobat's genial nastiness and vagaries of verbosity, my condolences.

I've never been much of a Camp follower (he said with a wink and a leer); I haven't read any Susan Sontag in a month of Sontags, and I doubt if I've missed much. But, Susan WAS able to "define" adequately the Sixties' peculiar spirit of cynical nostalgia called (send that girl to) "Camp." Yet, the fad she helped crystallize, continues to fluctuate in popularity from week to week. The Batman Boom proved as short-lived as Davy Crockett. All those Bonnie and Clyde fashions came and mostly went, unable to displace St. Vinnie's flippery and buckskin-Edwardian-Modness from the hearts and rumps of the pep-pill generation.

On the other hand, the Camp-mongers have been rather more successful peddling the hoarded films of certain past masters - those of Bogey, W.C. Fields, Laurel and Hardy, for example, though not Busby Berkeley because their creative anarchy and their magical mysterious spirit speak to the basic human condition in all areas.

What of the MUSIC of the Twenties, Thirties, and Forties? Older collectors, of course, still seek out obscure '78's by Jolson and Crosby, the Original Dixieland Jazz Band and Artie Shaw; but not many of us under-30's share that particular fascination. Our nostalgia thing is pretty much limited to the stuffed, snide and scared Fifties of rock 'n' roll, James Dean, and da. haircuts. (Get back, get back, get back to where you once belonged.)

Some record companies, however, seem to think there's a subterranean youth market just waiting to be tapped by re-release collections featuring the music and Campy fun of the Flappers and Swingers of the past. Decca Records, for example, has begun just such a major re-release program, centered on the popular music of the Thirties - by Gershwin, Durante, Crosby, and so on. After listening to one of several double-record sets resurrecting that musical era, I can't imagine any of my

record of all is one that I find myself liking more than I should. Ugh, Kemo Sabe, you guessed it: THE ADVENTURES OF THE LONE RANGER (Decca DL 75125). "He Becomes the Lone Ranger," "He finds Silver," "He finds Dan Reid." Revolutionaries won't dig all those easy remarks about "painted savages"; but, damn, my whole boyhood flashes before my eyes - long days and nights spent next to an old brown radio: JACK ARMSTRONG - ALL-AMERICAN BOY, STRAIGHT ARROW, SGT. PRESTON OF THE YUKON, THE SHADOW, Big John and Sparky on LET'S PRETEND. Old-time radio at its greatest. I'd rather listen to the Top 40 than Stella Dallas, it's true - but still, it'd be nice to have a choice again.

In the meantime, there's always H.R. PUFNSTUF and DARK SHADOWS and GEORGE OF THE JUNGLE on the tube, and these grand cold-cold-warm-gold gags from Groucho, Moe, Chico, Harpo, and Tonto: Hi Yo, Silver, away! (Who was that masked man, anyway?)

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POP OEUVRES

GREIL MARCUS
Rock and Roll Will Stand
Beacon Press. 1969. \$2.95

Nostalgia for the rock 'n roll Fifties and an acceptant immersion in the pop/rock Sixties figure quite prominently in the new book edited by Greil Marcus, the record reviews headman at ROLLING STONE. ROCK AND ROLL WILL STAND, is seemingly unobtrusive, unassuming in its collection of essays in something less than 200 pages; yet, it's a book to display prominently on your shelves next to the rock bibles by Paul Williams and Nik Cohn (as well as the forthcoming one by Richard Goldstein.) But, where Williams offers a kind of transcendent spirituality, and Cohn a poke-in-the-eye, flash-in-the pan glee, Marcus' book comes closest yet to handing rock music in the way most of us truly experience it - day-to-day and driving-to-work or class golden oldies and Top 40 hits, coterie blues and the rest from the underground. "Da Do Ron Ron" and "Sha Na Na" - in other words, all the names and faces and yes, visionary dreams of the Big Beat, OUR MUSIC.

At least, that's the good feeling you get reading most of the pieces here: Sandy Darlington's several easy-going short-takes on the Stones, the Who, and others - the weird let's-all-rap-about-What-Rock-Means-to-Me tape, edited by Stewart Kessler (Called "Chuck Berry Brings You the Free Speech Movement"); Mike Daly's jazzy all-cape piece on Mr. Johnny B. Goode himself; and far and away the best of them all, Marcus' own long essays entitled, "Who Put the Bomp in the Bomp De-Bomp De-Bomp?" and "A Singer and a Rock and Roll Band." Marcus' pieces function - quite properly - as the two keystones of the book, the former delineating precisely, amusingly, yet movingly, "what our love for (rock) and our immersion in it (implies) for our consciousness and vision," and the latter

taking that concern a step further - into radical politics.

Rock as emotion, rock as communication, rock as metaphor for confronting life - Marcus pinpoints them all. Listen to him dissect the Beatles' "Revolution":

The best songs the Beatles write add dimensions of experience and imagination to our lives... In "A Day in the Life" the Beatles strung out the clichés of anyone's morning routine, and then exploded them, opening up the possibility that the tying of one's shoe might reveal terror and impotence, or power and grace. In "Penny Lane" they built and dismantled a theatre without ever interrupting the comedy in progress: "An tho' she thinks she's in a play, she is anyway." I could walk through a whole day with that phrase in my head and watch everything and everyone bloom like a charming flower....

The words to "Revolution" close down the theatre instead of opening it up, denying the imagination in favor of a tangible opinion...

But rock 'n roll is not the polite, quiet, cerebral music of the protest song, and "Revolution" isn't the strumming of folk guitar. It's full of the crashing explosions of a great rock 'n roll band. There is freedom and movement in the music, even as there is sterility and repression in the lyrics...

Eyes brighten, bodies move. If you're reading a newspaper, that music says put it down, listen to me; if you're driving a car, you put your foot down on the accelerator and beat your hand on the roof and all over the dashboard.

The radio executives like the "message," but there is a "message" in that music which is ultimately more powerful than anyone's words. The music doesn't say "cool it" or "don't fight the cops." Rock 'n Roll music at its best, and its at its best in "Revolution" doesn't follow orders - it makes people aware of their bodies and aware of themselves.

I've quoted this passage at length, because it seems to me central to the "hidden message" of ROCK AND ROLL WILL STAND, i.e., that rock music is the

secret and no-so-secret revolutionary, Tom Paine and the fifth column with steel strings. (From a group of Berkeleyites, what else could you expect but "Rock 'n Revolution"?") The youth movement's "revolution" you see, are just effects - they also and foremost are CAUSES. Maybe all those ministers and mothers weren't so far wrong back in the Fifties when they reacted to Elvis with fear and trembling. Because we're all converts now. Fifteen years of the Big Beat felt deep down in the nerves and marrow, of obscure lyrics heard in the inner ear, and of rock musicians' faces exploding behind the eyes, have all worked their magic. All alone, rock has created a bigger community of heads than the drug scene ever will.

So it may be that John Lennon is right after all: the revolution may be over already, won with a minimal amount of bloodshed. It's just a matter of waiting for the old bastards to die off. But down on the block, down at the street level, who's willing to wait?

In the meantime, politicize a friend. Give him ROCK AND ROLL WILL STAND. From the opening sputter linking the old Nixon with the dying YOUR HIT

PARADE, all the way through to the closing sections describing, first, the music at a Republican Party "love-in" and then, how the world must have looked, way back when to innocent Frankie Lymon and the Teenagers "Who's Fool Fall in Love.") Marcus and his cohorts have put together a revolutionary tract in the sky guise of a rock book. Only when the politics shouts at you, as in the boring, scholarly essay, "A Romance on Either Side of Dada," does the book grind to a halt. Instead, it's most effective when subtlest, as in the very last sentence: "Perhaps, as it might have for all of us, love meant more to Frankie Lymon in those days."

Don't get me wrong. There's a hell of a lot about music and musicians here too - not the least of which, a lengthy portrait of Country Joe and the Fish, and Marcus' sometimes ludicrous, mostly serious record discographies at the end of each chapter. But finally, like rock music itself, the book is an abiding expression of pride and rebellion. Dig that title again.

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TRUE GRIT - John Wayne's best performance in years in Henry Hathaway's funky western. With Dennis Hopper as a mad killer. Ends Tu. GUILD 45TH. ALICE'S RESTAURANT - A funky laid-back film, good because of how bad it could have been. Clear? BLUE MOUSE.

MIDNIGHT COWBOY - A real family picture which has the misfortune to have an X rating. Poor kids. Lucky you, TOWN.

THREE BY BUNUEL - You were disappointed by the master's Belle De Jour, you won't be with this triple bill: Nazarin, Vindiana, Exterminating Angel. EDGEMONT. Starts Tu.

ANDY WARHOL'S LONESOME COWBOYS - Fug fun in the Old West. BROADWAY.

A THOUSAND CLOWNS - Don't miss this chance to see one of the best acted films of recent years. HARVARD EXTRAVAGANZA. Ends Tu.

MEDIUM COOL - If you talk about movies at cocktail parties, you better see this one. If you're political, it will give you a bad rash. MUSIC BOX.

BUTCH CASSIDY - Paul Newman and Robert Redford have a crack at bringing Westerns up to date. Hmmm. COLISEUM.

DE SADE - Ai steps way out of its league with this travesty on man, myth and history. FIFTH AVENUE.

EASY RIDER - Heavy melodrama with the most believably hip surface yet. UA 150, CINEMA I & II.

THE MARRIED WOMAN - A chance to see one of the best of Godard's films. Catch it, for sure. EDGEMONT. Ends Mon.

EXPFLM BELLEVUE - The series starts again at the HENRY GALLERY, Thu., 12:30, 3:30 & 8. FREE.

KING AND COUNTRY - Losy, the transatlantic master of spooky bicia-brac, takes on a grown up theme. With Tom Courtney, Dirk Bogarde, Leo McKern. UW HUB AUD., Thu., 3:30 PM.

NOTHING BUT A MAN - Seemed pretty daring a few years ago; see how this tale of a black's solo try for dignity holds up. SHELTER HALF - GI Coffee House. Thu., 8:30 PM.

PLAYS

SAINT'S DAY - A play by England's late nigmatic John Whiting, directed by John

Juliani. SHOWBOAT, Thu., 8:30 PM, \$1.25, \$7.50.

VOLPONE - The Rep opens their season with Ben Jonson's carnival of greed. PLAYHOUSE, nighty, 8:30 PM.

ALVIN AILEY DANCE CO. - Picked by the media as one of the half-dozen best in the U.S. OPERA HOUSE, Fri. 8:30 PM, \$5-\$3.

ART

Writing by LIN LIPEZ, and sculpture by JOHN WHARTON, who is married to Jane who has a groovy peacock dress. MIXED MEDIA, 105 Main.

SALON DE REFUSÉS - 27 works not admitted to the Northwest Annual at the Seattle Art Museum. RICHARD WHITE GALLERY, through Oct. 28th.

WILLIAM IVEY - New paintings, through Nov. 7. GORDON WOODSIDE GALLERY, Opens Tu., 3 to 10 PM.

STUFF

BASICS OF THE WISDOM - One of a series of classes in philosophy. This week: The Perfection of Man. 717 BROADWAY EAST, Sun., 7 PM.

POLITICS

GI'S AGAINST THE WAR - Joe Cole of the Film Action Eight speaks on the GI struggle. MILITARY MUSEUM, 5257 U Way, Fri., 8 PM, \$1, \$5.00 poor folk.

MUSIC

TAYLOR-SCULPTOR - And that's all I know, but the sample in the announcement is too much, SELIGMAN GALLERY, opens Sat.

NISQUALLY - Soft-rock quartet plays and sings at the SHELTER HALF, Tacoma, Fri. Sat., \$1, \$5.00 for GIs.

MAHLER'S FIRST - And the Beethoven Violin Concerto played by the University Symphony. HUB BALLROOM, Sun., 3:30 PM, FREE.

CLASSIC GUITAR - Argentina's Manuel Lopez Ramos plays works for guitar from Scarlatti to Ponce. HEALTH SCIENCES, Sat. 8 PM, \$3, \$2 students.

THE DEViants - First US appearance of England's hot new group. Second week. TROLLEY CLUB, Fri-Sun. 8:30 PM.

JERRY LEE LEWIS - Hot from his engagement at Iggy's the rock Othello, the King of the Country 88. OPERA HOUSE, Sat., 7 & 9:30 PM. \$4, \$3. a bargain.

SOPRANO & PIANO - Music for, by George Rochberg, contemporary composer. HUB AUDITORIUM, Thu. 8 PM. FREE.

Jed Leland, Anti-Crist

Friday, October 24

THE AMAZING DR. CLITTERHOUSE (1938). Really ingratiating Warners comedy about a scientist who gets mixed up with gangsters purely in the interests of research, and ends up a willful murderer. Anatole Litvak's camera is all over the place to no good purpose, but who cares? Edward G. Robinson, Fredric March, Bogart, Maxie Roachboom, et al. John Huston worked on the script. 10 AM, 4.

MASTER OF THE WORLD (1941). Reportedly satisfactory Yves Venee tale. Vincent Price, Charles Bronson, Henry Hull. 11:30 PM, 7.

Saturday, October 25

TOM JONES (1963). Tony Richardson all over 18th century England in the splendid, Oscar-winning treatment of Fielding. Still holds up in theaters, but not if it's 1978, when you be left of it! Albert Finney, Hugh Griffith, Jack MacGowran, Edith Evans, Diane Cilento, Joyce Redman, David Warner: photographed by Walter Lassally and Manny Wynn in beautifully flawed color. 8:30 PM, 5.

COLORADO TERRITORY (1949). Something like "Odd Man Out" as a Western. Artfully down-riden piece by Raoul Walsh, who made

his masterpiece "White Heat" the same year. Joel McCrea, 1:00 AM (Sunday morn), 4.

Monday, October 27

THE LAST HURRAH (1958). Spencer Tracy was nominated for an Oscar that year - for "Old Man and the Sea," but it should have been for this. One of the last John Ford pictures before Fifties. There won't be a dry eye in the house; and if there is, it belongs to a corpse. 1:05 AM (Tuesday morn), 5. (To be shown in two parts).

Wednesday, October 29

HUMAN DESIRE (1954). And as Eddie Lang would say, "ever seen any other kind of desire?" Lamp-treatment of Zola's "The Human Beast" (Done by Renoir in the Thirties). Glenn Ford, Broderick Crawford, Gloria Grahame. 1:05 AM (Thursday morn), 5.

Thursday, October 30

THE CIMARRON KID (1951). Early, probably negligible, Budd Boetticher item, with Audie Murphy. 1:00 AM (Friday morn), 7.

Jed Leland

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GAY GIRLS, bi-sexuals, contact elite
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For introductions that can make you come
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Enclose picture and address.

PHOTO PROCESSING. 20 exp., 35mm, B&W
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All frames printed. Photography work at
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OFFICE NEEDED for labor organization.
Contact IWW WE 7-8037.

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WANTED - female 20 or under, for nice and
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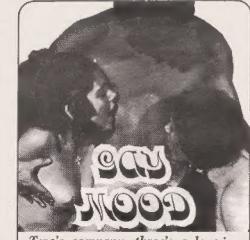
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